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Contents

The Week 316

Editorials

Enemies of Society..... 318
The War against Cancer..... 319
Tammany from Smith to Walker..... 320
Shadow-Boxing the Power Trust..... 321

General Articles

The Meaning of the Textile Strike....Louis Stark 323
The Two-Hour War.....Stuart Chase 325
Boston Stays Pure.....Karl Schriftgiesser 327
What Mrs. Dennett Wrote...Mary Ware Dennett 329
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 332
Epitaph for a Fickle Man (verse).....
.....Mark Van Doren 333
More Keats and Shakespeare.....Stark Young 334

Correspondence 335

Reviews of Books

Nevinson.....Robert Morss Lovett 336
A Famous Trial.....Forrest Bailey 337
The Cave Man within Us.....Ellsworth Faris 337
Ambrose Bierce.....Napier Wilt 338
America Foreshortened.....Lawrence S. Morris 339
The Lamentations of Brody.....Edwin Seaver 340
Fiction Notes 341

The Week

OBSTACLES to reduction of armament seem, on the surface, to be diminishing with surprising rapidity. Ambassador Hugh Gibson's frank avowal at Geneva of the aim of the United States to bring about, not merely limitation but actual reduction, injected fresh vitality into the movement. His suggestion of a new means to arrive at a practical definition of naval parity—by index numbers which should take into account not merely tonnage but other elements of fighting strength, and should apply to large classes of fighting vessels instead of merely to specific categories, opens another avenue by which, if the will to agreement exists, it may be worked out by the technicians. His offer to the French to exclude reservists from consideration in the limitation of armies is logically a step backward, but it appears to have removed French objections to participation in a general disarmament conference, it may bring forth a counter-concession, and it may thus substitute a possible second-best for an unattainable best. There are, however, certain reservations to be made in enthusiasm over these beginnings. No conference can be successful without months of preparatory work. The experts of the several admiralties must be given time to play with the index numbers and see what they can make out of them. At the end of the period, if there is no more basic political understanding than existed at the three-power conference on naval armament at Geneva, the index-number formula will be just another road to confusion and disagreement. And the concession to France might have obtained more in return if it had been made a bargaining point rather than an unconditional offer. For France would have surrendered almost anything else in order to keep her reserves.

MORE significant for the necessary basic political understanding which must precede disarmament is the announcement of the British Labor party that it stands "for the complete renunciation of the right of private war and private blockade," and for "the new doctrine of Freedom of the Seas, *i. e.,* that the high seas should *only* be closed by international agreement for the enforcement of international covenants." If the Labor party should achieve power, or if it can convert to this position the British public and the British admiralty, Great Britain would no longer have any reason to be reluctant to agree to parity with the United States, however parity may be defined. She would no longer wish to maintain a fleet of small cruisers sufficient to establish a blockade unassisted by, or in opposition to, other powers, and, if the other naval powers accepted the principle, she would not be obliged to protect her own channels of supplies against blockade, unless she should contemplate becoming an international outlaw. If the United States would make the corresponding declaration, that in return for recognition of freedom of the seas in private wars, we would decline to protest against a blockade imposed by international agreement against a violator of international covenants, we also should lose any political necessity for a great navy. And such a declaration would certainly not be unreasonable, since it is hardly conceivable that as the originator of the Pact of Paris this nation could or would op-

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pose such a blockade. Education of both nations toward this type of understanding is highly desirable. While disarmament should not be postponed until a formal agreement along these lines can be achieved, the very emphasis on the inevitability of such a mutual view may help disarmament greatly.

ALTHOUGH the propagandist news despatches from Paris have hinted that the raising of the rediscount rate by the German Reichsbank is part of a maneuver to discredit the possibility of paying German reparations, serious economists understand that it is a genuine warning of what may happen, if the Dawes Plan's protection of German exchange should be abandoned in a new settlement. On account of large payments abroad, accompanied by a diminution of foreign loans to German concerns, German gold has been gravitating to other financial centers. This is bound to happen whenever German exchange falls to such a point that it is cheaper to ship gold than to suffer the loss involved in exchanging paper marks to other currencies. And German exchange is bound to fall with any large payments abroad, unless these payments are balanced by equivalent payments entering Germany as a result of an export surplus or of loans from the other countries. Raising interest rates in Germany is one way of attracting foreign money back again. But, since it discourages business internally, it cannot be carried beyond a certain point. And to lose much more gold would endanger the reserve behind the currency and upset the whole German economy. That is the reason the Dawes Plan instructs the transfer committee to cease making payments across German boundaries whenever the exchange is endangered, and that is the reason why all would suffer if any new plan were accepted which would exempt large payments from the transfer clause—unless Germany should develop a sizeable export surplus of goods and services, a contingency that is highly uncertain.

SECRETARY OF STATE STIMSON has announced to the American people the policy of the Hoover administration against recognition of Russia, through a letter to Matthew Woll, watchdog of the National Civic Federation. This was a measure of caution, since if he had not promptly agreed with Mr. Woll, that gentleman would probably have followed his habit by calling Mr. Stimson and Mr. Hoover agents of Sovietism. The flaw in Mr. Woll's logic, as revealed by his letter, is that he apparently regards recognition of an established foreign government as approval of its domestic practices and of the means by which it achieved power. One wonders, then, why he does not fight with equal force for withdrawal of recognition from Fascist Italy, which certainly has been disapproved by the American labor movement. But apparently he does not look upon a capitalist dictatorship with as much disfavor as he does upon a labor dictatorship. Nevertheless, Mr. Woll's distaste for suppression of freedom of speech and criticism in Russia finds no counterpart in the United States, under circumstances where he happens to have power. For he will not tolerate such freedom in American labor education, as is evidenced by his activities in bringing about the outlawry of Brookwood Labor College by the American Federation of Labor.

IN TIME of war, ordinary moral standards tend to disappear. People who are gentle and kindly under normal conditions then condone the most dreadful acts if they are directed against the enemy. The fight over prohibition has now become a war. Only on this theory can one explain the actions of the dry Congressmen in applauding the news that a Washington policeman had killed a youth of twenty-one, suspected of bootlegging, or the observation of Bishop Cannon that it was "one of the healthiest indications I have heard of in a long time." Bishop Cannon and his allies in Congress are well aware that the Commandment which reads "Thou shalt not kill," has no codicil adding, "unless your victim is engaged in bootlegging." The policeman who fired the fatal shot did what he thought was his duty, though even for him there seems little enough excuse; but the attitude of those in high place who rejoiced is explicable only on the ground that passionate emotion on one subject has killed in them every ordinary standard of decent humanity.

IT HAS been objected that the investigation of Secretary Mellon's fitness to hold office under a law which forbids the appointment as Secretary of the Treasury of a man who is substantially interested in business property is a picayune persecution, seeking to bar an able man under a technicality. Strictly speaking, this may be true, yet The New Republic has always maintained, and still believes, that the appointment of one of the richest men in the nation to the Treasury post is indefensible. As a matter of fact, Secretary Mellon's policies in taxation and other important matters have revealed his prejudices in favor of great private wealth, and policies which might benefit the rich, even if they were sound, would come with much greater authority from a man with less at stake personally. It is nonsense to say that nobody as suitable for the office could be selected from among experts who do not possess great fortunes. The Mellon appointment and the awe with which Mr. Mellon has been regarded are symptoms of an unwholesome respect now prevalent in this country for industrial and financial magnates. While it may be unwise to throw him out on a legal technicality, we believe that the investigation backed by Senators Norris and Walsh rests upon a sound instinct, and that a well advised President would not appoint such a man.

COLONEL ROBERT EWING, publisher of the New Orleans States, and president of the Southern

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Newspaper Publishers' Association, is a man of courage. At the meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in New York last week, he introduced a resolution condemning the International Power and Paper Company for purchasing stock in newspapers. It was voted down, of course; the publishers' association is a conservative body which would hardly be likely to criticize a powerful corporation with which many of its members do business; but Colonel Ewing at any rate was not afraid to introduce the resolution, and to argue ably on its behalf. Meanwhile, and at the request of Senator Norris, the Federal Trade Commission has begun an investigation of the action of the I. P. and P. in purchasing a large stock interest in two Boston newspapers, The Herald and The Traveler. We hope it will also investigate the purchase by the same interests of a $1,600,000 share in The Chicago Journal, owned by S. E. Thomason. Mr. Thomason is chairman of the paper committee of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, whose duty it is to see that the publishers get their paper at the lowest possible price. The commission might also take up the charges made by E. K. Gaylord, publisher of the Daily Oklahoman, Oklahoma City, that the I. P. and P. has set aside a hundred million dollars with which to purchase interests in newspapers. The I. P. and P. is primarily a power company and only secondarily a company for the production of paper. It pleads that it is buying into newspapers only in order to insure a continued sale of its paper—a contention as to which we shall wait until we see whether its newly acquired publications speak out editorially against the misdeeds of the power trust. But in any case, the fact remains that an important link in the vast utility chain is obtaining control of organs of public opinion in several cities and intends to continue to do so. This is a crucial development, and one as to which the public is entitled to know the facts.

PRESIDENT HOOVER, who says the nation is showing disrespect for law, is respectfully invited to notice the case of Daisy Sullivan, of Bloomfield, Indiana. Daisy is eighteen, but psychologists say she has a twelve-year-old mind. She forged a check for $2.80, of which sum she had spent just twenty cents when she was arrested. Daisy has been given two to fourteen years in prison, and when persons outside Bloomfield showed an interest in this amazing sentence, the citizens of the town indicated their angry resentment in no uncertain terms. Daisy, they explained, was an undesirable character on other grounds, and this sentence affords a convenient means of disciplining her. We should like to ask Mr. Hoover, who feels we ought to have increased respect for the judicial process, just what he proposes to do about Bloomfield?

THE UNIVERSITY of Pittsburgh is the latest claimant of a place on the roll of dishonor. The university authorities refused to permit a meeting of the college Liberal Club at which Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes was to have spoken on the Mooney case. The University of Pittsburgh, like so many other institutions in that city, lives in terror of Uncle Andy Mellon, and no doubt the college authorities thought they were correctly interpreting his wishes when they refused to permit a plea on behalf of a victim of injustice—and a poor man at that!—in far-away California. Nevertheless, we believe they were wrong. It is true that if Mr. Mellon is interested in liberty, except for millionaires, he has never shown any evidence of it; but he does believe in finesse, in which the University's action was conspicuously lacking. They could so easily have managed the matter quietly, achieving the same end without stirring up a nation-wide row. As it is, we doubt whether there is a single student at Pittsburgh who doesn't by now know all about the Mooney case, something which certainly wouldn't have happened if Professor Barnes had been allowed to make his remarks in peace. We predict that the bungling officials will hear from Uncle Andy yet.

THE American Indian at last seems likely to get a square deal—for the first time on record. Secretary Wilbur has chosen for head of the bureau which looks after the red man's affairs Charles J. Rhoads of Philadelphia. Mr. Rhoads is a Quaker who has had a distinguished career in finance, but the most interesting fact about him is that for years he has been treasurer of the Indian Rights Association, one of the strongest of the groups organized to help obtain fair treatment for these wards of the nation. It is safe to assume that under his direction an end will be put to the starving, overcrowding and overworking of children in the schools, to the cruel and needless breaking up of families, to the exploitation of Indian lands for the benefit of white men and all the rest of the dismal category of mistreatment. Secretary Wilbur has issued a statement suggesting the lines along which progress will be attempted. In future the bureau will try to train the Indian for useful citizenship. He will be taught to stand on his own feet instead of being pauperized as has so largely been the case in the past. This is a fine aim; and we shall watch with interest to see how far Mr. Rhoads will be able to carry it out.

Enemies of Society

BELIEVERS in enlightenment have recently been challenged by three acts of suppression coming in quick reiteration, as if by the first shots of a machine-gun volley. Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" was, by a Boston jury, forbidden to be sold in that city. Margaret Sanger's birth-control clinic was raided violently by the New York police. And Mary Ware Dennett has been convicted of crime by a New York jury in a federal

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court for sending through the mails her pamphlet for the instruction of the young on "The Sex Side of Life." Mrs. Sanger commented briefly on her experience in the last issue of The New Republic; and in the present issue may be found an article on the Boston affair, and an extensive reprint from Mrs. Dennett's work.

We have had many occasions in recent years to combat drastic censorship—political, industrial, religious, moral. It often happens in these cases that the harm done to liberty by censorship is greater than the harm resulting from the suppression of the particular book, speech, pamphlet or play. The views expressed are sometimes foolish or at least inconsequential, and would not be advocated by most of those who object to the censorship, even if they had an unqualified legal right to do so. Or the novel or play may be, if perfectly innocent of harm, at least inferior as a work of art, and the public may suffer no great loss if deprived of access to it. Some attempted suppressions, moreover, are merely futile or absurd, as when Tennessee tried to destroy by law the scientific discussion of evolution in public schools.

Regarding the Dreiser episode, we feel again that the harm done is chiefly in principle. Boston is not the United States, and even in Boston, anyone who has not already read "An American Tragedy," and might want to do so, will doubtless be stimulated by the incident to procure a copy. And of course he will be able to get it. Even if the Dreiser book should be completely expunged from the memory of the nation, we should not suffer irreparable loss. The affair of the birth-control clinic is more serious. There are many women who, for the sake of their own health or that of their possible children, need to know the means of contraception, and of these there doubtless are a goodly number who have not already acquired the information. To give instruction in these cases is theoretically permitted by the state law, and the outrageous conduct of the police in this instance has aroused even such a conservative body as the Medical Society. The broader revolt against the law which, at the insistence of Catholic and Protestant bigots, forbids the conveying of such information to healthy adults, is not directly involved. Nevertheless, whatever may happen to Margaret Sanger's clinic or to the law, the main warfare against birth control is irretrievably lost. Not merely an advanced minority, but probably a great majority of the people in most civilized nations believe in voluntary parenthood, and practise birth control when they do not want children. Attempts to fight birth control merely advertise its possibility to the remaining members of the population who do not already know about it.

The conviction of Mrs. Dennett, however, constitutes a frightful injury not only to a principle, but to the children of the nation and to society itself. There is not a single mitigating circumstance in the affair. Her case demonstrates why, in other cases where our sympathies may not be so thoroughly involved, it is necessary to fight for civil liberty. If the verdict is upheld, the federal government will have convicted of promoting obscenity a mother whose only offense is to have written for her own two sons, now grown to manhood, a straightforward, tactful, and nobly inspired introduction to the mysteries of the sex life which they faced as adolescents, and to have published it and mailed it, at the request of doctors and others who are charged with the guidance of youth, to other mothers, fathers and teachers who were grateful to her for having solved so well a difficult problem. The conviction is not an unimportant local affair; it will furnish a precedent for the interpretation of federal law throughout the United States. And it is futile to say in this case that the abhorrent combination of censors and legal authority cannot keep from children information about sex. Of course it cannot; what it can do, however, is to keep from them highly conceived, skillfully written and openly distributed material, leaving them the prey of chance discoveries, gutter suggestions, and truly pornographic matter which is not suppressed and probably never can be. The great harm done by censorship in this instance arises from the fact that the supremely important consideration is how and when children shall learn the facts. The children are helpless in the matter and cannot defend themselves.

If it were possible to reprint the whole of Mrs. Dennett's pamphlet, intelligent readers would at once grasp the reasons why it has found so enthusiastic an endorsement among the authorities on this subject. Its admirable thoroughness—though it is brief—leaves no tantalizing secret to stimulate prurient imagination. Its sensible treatment of prostitution, venereal diseases and other dangers and difficulties to which adolescents sometimes fall prey will do far more to help them, by its emphasis on the idealism of love and the boon of health, than can the merely negative warnings so often used in these connections. If anything can purge young people's minds of unwholesome repressions, and counteract the overstimulation of sexual impulses to which their environment usually condemns them, such a booklet as this will do so.

How is it that the prosecuting machinery has suddenly turned upon this pamphlet and its author, after it has been in circulation for more than ten years, and has been used so widely and with such satisfactory results by agencies like the Y. M. C. A. and school authorities? It is because self-constituted and influential meddlers like the D. A. R., a branch of which furnished the complaint, Canon Chase and John S. Sumner stirred up the federal authorities. Towards the dirty-minded, snobbish and ignorant spy or censor we can feel only scorn and implacable hostility; it is important to destroy in every respect whatever prestige he may enjoy. But such enemies of society we shall always have with us. It is not wholly just to blame the jury; they

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were deprived of hearing anything from those who favored the pamphlet, and in any case a departure from traditional errors is likely to be misunderstood and disapproved by a chance selection from the public. Whether Judge Burrows was legally bound to exclude the evidence of the authorities we do not know; higher courts will decide that issue; but he revealed his personal attitude in declaring that the verdict was correct. One lesson of the affair is that laws such as that under which this trial occurred are dangerous in the extreme and should be allowed to remain on the statute books only with the most meticulous safeguards against their perversion. But the basic necessity, underlying the remedies for all these factors in the unhappy result, is a public opinion quick to resent all infringements of civil liberties, and ready to defy such tyrannies as are permitted to continue. Mrs. Dennett's bravery in this case, refusing to pay a fine of $300 even if she must go to prison for three hundred days instead, is one of those acts by which the liberation of society from ignorance and cowardice is measurably advanced.

The War against Cancer

WHEN the United States Census Bureau announces that during 1927, the latest year for which its figures have been analyzed, cancer stood second on the list of all causes of death, it is appropriate to ask whether the campaign of education which has been carried on for the last fifteen years has, after all, been productive of any good, and to study the facts which are available.

The sufferer from cancer has had a peculiar sense of fatality, a hopelessness, which, as the surgeons who treat numerous patients are fully aware, is not justified. Unfortunately, accurate statistics which would support the surgeons' more optimistic view are not available, as cancer is not a reportable disease, and in consequence only the fatal terminations are recorded. The cases with a successful outcome are seldom heard of. Patients talk freely of their lost appendices, their interesting heart conditions, the dietetic suggestions of their favorite physicians, but the dread of cancer is so great that most persons conceal it to the last extremity or whisper of it only behind their hands. It is to the overcoming of this fear, this unreasoning dread, and the substitution of the facts about the disease, that the efforts of the American Society for the Control of Cancer are bent, and it is, paradoxically, an indication of success that the number of reported deaths from cancer has increased instead of diminishing. That is to say, the habit of concealment has been so far overcome that many deaths are now reported as due to cancer which would formerly have been masked on the certificate as resulting from pneumonia, senility or "heart failure." Part of the increase is, of course, due to the general lengthening of the span of life. As the deaths from tuberculosis, for instance, an affliction of the lower age groups, decline, those from cancer, a disease of more advanced age, increase.

The surgeons report that patients are now coming to them more often in the early stages of the disease, when the chances for successful treatment are much greater. This is another measure of the success of the educational work. The latest activity of the Society is the issuance of a small pamphlet, "What Every Woman Should Do about Cancer," a title which properly implies that knowledge must be followed by action. With the help of women's clubs and other existing organizations, this pamphlet is being widely distributed, the aim being to reach at least one million women throughout the country. It should go far toward putting a saner view of cancer and its control into the minds of the women, who, as it states, play an indispensable part in the war against the disease.

Tammany from Smith to Walker

THERE is a striking parallel between the career of Woodrow Wilson in the national Democratic party and that of Al Smith in Tammany. We can now see, looking back upon those days with some historical perspective, that Wilson through the force of his own personality carried his party into a position of progressivism which was not native to it, and from which it promptly backslid as soon as his individual authority was removed. By 1920, there was little evidence left in the party of the spirit which in 1913 was busy inaugurating the Federal Reserve Board and laying the foundations for so many other measures of reform. Governor Smith's ascendancy in Tammany is now ended, at least for the present, and that organization seems to be following the same course. The Wigwam has chosen as its leader John F. Curry, a man who may almost be described as the antithesis of Governor Smith. He is, moreover, an avowed opponent of the Governor, who unsuccessfully opposed his selection.

To say that this choice marks the end of "the new Tammany" is a statement too simple to be entirely true, although it has elements of truth in it. "The new Tammany" was itself to a large degree the invention of the Wigwam's astute press agents. In so far as the former alliance with the underworld has been abandoned during the last two decades, this has been chiefly because Tammany discovered a new alliance which is more profitable, and is mutually incompatible with the old one: an alliance with big business. "Honest graft," the buying of land along the line of a secretly projected rapid-transit system, the purchase and resale of municipal dock leases, and the like, is more profitable than extorting money from gamblers and brothel keep-

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ers. Yet even during these years when respectability has been the watchword of the organization, the city has been rocked by one scandal after another—in the street-cleaning department, in the Queens sewer affair, in the inspection of food, in the administration of workmen's compensation, in the appointment of receivers in bankruptcy. Technically, these cases have had to do with individuals alone, but morally, Tammany cannot escape responsibility for them. The organization controls the city, and it should have underwritten the delinquent individuals even if it did not. Moreover, there are still great unexplored areas where it seems altogether likely that searching investigation would show additional scandals. To take only one example: Police Commissioner Whalen estimates that there are more than 30,000 speakeasies in New York. This is a plain guess and may be far too large; but the number is certainly high in the thousands, and it is a conservative estimate to say that each pays an average of fifty dollars a week to somebody "to be let alone." Who gets this money, which runs into millions of dollars annually? It is obvious that it goes to men whom "the new Tammany" ought to estop from taking it.

While all this is true, it is equally a fact that Governor Smith raised Tammany to a level it had never before attained. For at least six years, from 1922 to 1928, the expectation of his presidential candidacy was an important consideration persuading the rank and file not to do anything which would disgrace Tammany in the eyes of the nation. Himself beginning as a loyal organization man, he gradually outgrew the standards of Murphy's Tammany, and when he became Governor he administered the state with an unpartisan efficiency and cleanness which was the despair not only of his foes but of many of his Tammany friends, who could not understand why they were allowed to graze to such a limited extent in these fat pastures. Thus the respectability of Tammany during these years was to a measure an enforced one; but it existed, nevertheless. His other achievement was to draw into his personal train men and women of a higher quality than would ever have been attracted to the New York City Democratic organization without him. It was the existence of these, and the changed atmosphere they created, that more than anything else was responsible for the theory of "the new Tammany."

It was during his presidential campaign that the anti-Smith group in Tammany, long dissatisfied with him and with the discipline he was enforcing upon the organization, first began to raise the standard of revolt. Governor Smith made an extraordinarily bad showing in New York City in the election, in view of his previous record; and while there are other explanations for this, more than one of his friends believes that Tammany knifed him as the result of a deal with the Republican machine as to the all-important local offices. Whether this is true or not, the result of the election, showing that never again could he hope to be the Democratic nominee, brought a great diminution of his power and prestige, culminating in the selection as leader of Curry, whose slogan is "Back to Murphy," and who proposes to ignore national issues and concentrate on old-fashioned control of New York City achieved in the old-fashioned way.

While this development is regrettable from every standpoint of good citizenship, there is nothing about it either surprising or illogical. Since Tammany is obviously incapable of living up to Smith, it might as well abandon the pretense now as later. Neither do we feel that there is any hope in turning as an alternative to the Republicans, inasmuch as that party's machine in New York is as mercenary and corrupt as Tammany itself. There is, nevertheless, a significance in Tammany's relapse which ought not to pass unnoticed. It was not Mr. Curry who won the real victory over Governor Smith, but Mayor Walker. Though all concerned did what they could afterward with congratulatory messages and conspicuous public love-feasting to disguise the facts, it is clear that the Mayor now controls the organization. He will be Tammany's candidate to succeed himself, and that he will be elected there is little doubt. From Smith to Walker is an even greater distance than from Smith to Curry. Smith stands for efficiency in office, achieved through hard work; Walker, for ignoring every problem as long as possible and then doing whatever the public seems to want. Smith stands for educating the voter, even on such complicated problems as water power and state finances; wise-cracking Jimmie Walker is one of the world's greatest hot-air artists—greater far than Hylan, who has the misfortune to believe much of his own nonsense. Smith is a Jeffersonian; Walker is at heart a Hamiltonian who has discovered that the masses don't care how much bread they get if only the circuses are sufficiently gaudy and amusing. The substitution of Walker for Smith is such a conspicuously deplorable one that even Tammany should have thought twice about it.

Shadow-Boxing the Power Trust

ONE of the last acts of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of New York, before going to take his cure at Warm Springs, Georgia, was to sign a bill creating a commission to survey the Public Service Commission laws. He also issued a statement in which he expressed the hope that this commission might be the cause of bringing about a pleasanter and more equitable relationship between the public and the utility corporations.

The people of New York State will heartily endorse the Governor's hope, but must qualify it with somewhat skeptical expectations. No more necessary investigation has ever been initiated in New

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York since that of the insurance companies in 1906, when a gentleman by the name of Charles E. Hughes brought down upon himself a storm of calumny by exposing the wrong-doing of certain highly respected citizens. Eventually, of course, he placed the life insurance companies in a position of trust and confidence in the eyes of the public who, previously, had looked upon them with bitterness and suspicion.

At the present time, a similar condition prevails in the relationship between the public-utility companies and the public. Both customers and investors are somewhat suspicious—the former, because they see rates going up and profits being distributed which mount into huge figures; the latter, because they are not entirely convinced of the financial stability of the huge holding corporations, whose stock may be watered.

The members of this commission are now offered the opportunity of performing the same sort of service to the public as did Mr. Hughes twenty-three years ago. Their recommendations may well influence the whole principle of public-utility regulation, and the laws which result from their recommendations may become the model for other states in the Union, as have New York's the insurance, labor and factory statutes. On the other hand, they may, like so many similar legislative commissions, decide to conduct a political whitewashing party, spend the $40,000 allotted to them, bring in a few minor recommendations, get a blast or two in the newspapers and adjourn, politically safe, with the public no better off than before.

The chances of this latter result are, unfortunately, all too bright. The commission is to be made up of nine members, six of whom are to be members of the Legislature, or at least, appointees of the leaders of the Legislature, and three are to be appointed by the Governor. In other words, it is a Republican-controlled commission. This in itself might not be so bad, were it not for the fact that the leader of the Republican party in the state, H. Edmund Machold, was, prior to his selection as Chairman of the State Committee, a high official in one of the state's largest utility companies. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Machold can change his spots so quickly. Little, certainly, can be expected from the Republican members of the commission. The one remaining hope lies with the Governor who, with his three appointments, is in a position to name men who will form a militant minority and will fight every effort of the majority to gloss over painful facts. The threat of a minority report, coming from men of high standing and making public facts which the majority would wish to hide, would have a salutary effect. Even a utility-controlled majority would think twice before putting itself in a position to bring about the issuance of such a minority report.

While the importance of the inquiry hardly needs to be stressed, it may be useful to point out some of the major questions which it ought to answer.

1. Why is it that while the average rate for electric power throughout the country is in the neighborhood of 6.8 cents per kilowatt-hour, and 2.08 cents in Canada, it is 8.05 cents in New York State?

2. Why is it that the Chairman of the New York State Public Service Commission has declared that that body is helpless under existing circumstances?

3. Why is it that rates throughout the whole country, between the years 1920-1925, were only reduced 6.25 percent and yet gross revenues increased 66 percent and production 50 percent while operating costs decreased 21 percent?

4. Why is it that, according to the Federal Trade Commission's report for 1926, domestic consumers contributed 65 percent of the gross revenue from electric energy and consumed only 26.2 percent of the total produced?

5. Why is it that electric energy transmitted across state lines is usually not subject to state or federal regulation?

6. Why is it that holding companies, which now hold well over 50 percent of the New York state production, are not subject to the Public Service Commission jurisdiction?

7. Are mergers which, if continued at the present rate, may give the control of the whole power industry to one small group, advantageous to the consumer?

8. Who are the real owners of all this electric power? Is not the public which grants them monopolies entitled to know their names?

9. Why is it that millions of dollars and many years are expended in deciding rate cases, the telephone case started in 1921 and still undecided being but one of many examples?

10. Why is it that the utility companies are allowed an 8 percent return on their properties in New York State, whereas the average throughout the country is 6 percent?

11. To what extent ought the utility corporations be permitted to make public opinion and charge the expense of this propaganda up to advertising expense?

All these questions, and many more, might be answered by this commission. They will not be answered by the Republican members. They will be answered by the Governor's appointees, provided these gentlemen are alert, sincere and, above all, courageous.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Meaning of the Textile Strike

CHARLOTTE, North Carolina, is a busy, thriving city. The streets are bustling with activity. Hotels are crowded with tourists and traveling salesmen. From their offices in the city, mill executives direct a network of operations covering the state.

One thin strand in the network leads to Pineville, about ten miles away. A typical, semi-isolated mill village, Pineville is a group of shabby, box-like bungalows on stilts. The boxes form an arc above and beyond the mill. A straggling, red dirt road leads from one end of the arc to the mill. Through the fields and "up the hill" is a tortuous path winding lazily to the other end of the arc.

In one of these houses lives Alfred E. He is tall, loose-jointed and slow of gait and speech. His face is sunken and filled with a criss-cross of lines. A three days' stubble is on his chin. He says he is thirty-eight years old, but looks much older.

Alfred is on strike for the first time in his life. He has been in the mills since he was a child. He married a girl from the mills. She died when the third baby came. It was hard after that, without her wages, but somehow he managed to pinch along on his $22.50 a week. Then the "stretch-out" system came. The mill effected economies in various directions. So did Alfred. He had to, for his income dropped to $17 a week. Before long, debts began to pile up. He owes the doctor $70, the druggist $40 and smaller amounts to other tradesmen. His only pair of shoes is two years old. He is worried.

"They think I won't pay," he says mournfully. "How can I do much on $17 a week?"

Alfred feeds the children on bread, molasses and occasional vegetables. He cannot afford milk or butter. There are no relatives he can fall back on. He has little time to think of "a way out." He rises at five, gets his breakfast and is at his place in the mill when the six o'clock whistle blows. Except for the luncheon interlude he is busy until the whistle dismisses him for the night, twelve hours later. The older girl assists in getting supper. When his wife was alive, she used to rise at 4:30, get breakfast, rush off to the mill just before six and then prepare supper on her return.

Alfred is proud of his "pure Anglo-Saxon blood." He ought to be, for the politicians remind him of it very often. They urge Alfred to be on his guard against "the agitator who would tear down our noble institutions and trample our flag in the dust." Alfred used to applaud these patriotic sentiments. But that was before the mills installed stop-watches, time studies and various concomitants of the efficiency system. Recently, however, he listened to one of the agitators who came over from Gastonia. She promised him the support of "a powerful union" if he went on strike. Alfred reasoned that he had nothing to lose. He joined the strike.

The Alfreds, their wives and children, about 15,000 in all, went on strike recently in ten mills in the Carolinas and two in Tennessee. The strikes came without warning and were a distinct shock to the communities. They brought with them the biggest labor troubles since the Charlotte strike of 1921. The spark that set off the conflagration was applied by the National Textile Workers' Union, organized last year as a Communist rival to the United Textile Workers' Union, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Supported by the new union and The Daily Worker, Communist organ, Fred Erwin Beal and George Pershing began their agitation at Gastonia, N. C., and defied the Loray Mill, owned by the Manville-Jenckes Company, of Pawtucket, R. I., to discharge union members. The challenge was promptly accepted. Much to the surprise of the management, half of the day and night shift walked out.

Mill guards and policemen stretched a rope around the mill. There was a tug of war between the strikers and the guards. The local officials lost their heads when a near-riot was threatened and five companies of the National Guard were sent to Gastonia. Discontent, which had been smouldering in the Carolinas, broke through when news of the Loray strike spread. Strikes followed in other towns. Except for Gastonia and Pineville, with Communist leadership, and Elizabethton, Tenn., where the American Federation of Labor and the United Textile Workers took charge, the other walk-outs were spontaneous and leaderless. In some places the strikers expressed themselves as hostile to the union. This was particularly true in southern-owned plants where a personal relationship had existed between the management and the operatives.

At Forest City, N. C., a prominent physician, Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan, shaped the direction of the strike and its policy. He admonished the men to be "reasonable," not to ask for the formulated demand of 20 percent increase in wages or a shorter work-day, and to steer clear of "outsiders." The next day the strikers ran a reporter out of town, believing he was a union organizer. They blamed all their troubles on the cost accountant who installed the "stretch-out" system.

"We don't want a union," said a spokesman of the men to the writer. "Some of us have been working for Mr. Little [the treasurer of the mill] for thirty years. We can get along with him. Let him fire that blue-bellied Yankee [the cost accountant, a native of Georgia!], abolish the stretch-out system and give us some more money."

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At Lexington, N. C., a wage reduction announced at the most unfavorable moment possible, when discontent was seething, provoked a spontaneous walk-out. Beal rushed to Lexington, opened headquarters and promised relief. At Ware Shoals in South Carolina, the New England Southern Plant at Pelzer, the Brandon Mills at Greeneville, and in the Union-Buffalo Mills at Union, S. C., the strike criticism was directed against the "minute-men" and their stop-watches. Some of the mills settled the strike by abandoning the new system.

At Gastonia the strikers said harsh things about a manager who left several months ago. They blamed him for the "stretch-out" system. Men whose pay envelopes showed they had received $20 to $22 a week prior to the installation of the system were earning about $15 when the strike was called. Employees in the card-room said their wage of $20 last August had decreased to $13. Spinning-room workers formerly earning $18 to $21 found themselves reduced to $10 or $15. The new mill manager said the wages averaged $18.50 a week for all help, with a maximum of $30 for the most skilled and $10.20 for the Negro laborers.

Apparently the mill executives in the South made no serious attempt to "sell" the new system to their employees. Under the re-arrangement of work, employees who handled twenty looms might be given as many as eighty or a hundred to manage. They were relieved of some of the purely manual labor, such as filling bobbins and removing cloth. The reductions in overhead and increased production were enormous, and while the executives said the men would earn more money, the workers insisted that the increase, where there was any, was negligible and the work too difficult. In some mills the new system called for the discharge of one worker in every three or four. These workers sometimes accepted unskilled labor in the same or other mills.

Public sentiment in the strike region is discovering new virtues in the American Federation of Labor. One prominent employer said that as between the two unions, the manufacturers would "undoubtedly prefer the American Federation of Labor if they have to go to either, but whether they will go so far as to let them into their mills is a question which only time can answer."

"The union is coming to southern mills and the fact may as well be recognized," says the Gastonia Gazette. "The mill operatives have just grievances and they ought to be righted. The only way to do that is by mediation between owners and operatives."

It is being hinted that the United Textile Workers' Union, "conservative and American," might find it to its interest to take a hand in the situation. But that organization, supporting the rayon-workers' strike at Elizabethton, Tenn., is meeting the same sort of vigorous opposition from the mills as the Communist union is meeting elsewhere.

At Elizabethton the strikers are hardy young mountaineers and their women folk, who are new to the ways of industry. They are an independent lot, most of them hardly more than two years removed from their former free, footloose existence in the hills where their forefathers lived in the days of Daniel Boone. In marked contrast to the anemic and perpetually tired mill operatives of the Carolinas, Alabama and Georgia, the Elizabethton strikers are a vigorous people, quick on the trigger and like fighting wildcats when aroused. The kidnapping of the two American Federation of Labor officials made their blood boil, and their suspicion of the German management of the Bemberg and Glanzstoff mills has not been allayed. The union leaders are guarded day and night, and the situation at this writing has distinct possibilities of trouble. The mountaineers' enthusiasm for the union is religious in its fervor. "God's union," is the way they refer to it. Low wages, high rents and the discharge of the men for union activity, were the causes that led to two strikes in these mills in a month. The two gigantic mills, sprawling over Happy Valley in the shadow of the Great Smokies, were built to avoid the tariff on textiles. A staff of German technicians and executives was imported, and much of the misunderstanding is due to the inability of the new arrivals to appreciate the psychology of the mountaineer, himself a novice to industry and urban living.

The South has fewer defenders of the fifty- and sixty-hour week than formerly. A strong sentiment for a reduction in the work-week and abolition of night work for women and children is found in the women's clubs and college faculties and is also shared here and there by state officials. Some sentiment also exists for higher wages and an approach toward ending the "family wage." It usually takes three wage-earners in a family to piece out the sum necessary for subsistence and a small saving. In families with three or more wage-earners, a cheap car and a radio are sometimes found.

Last year the United States Department of Labor investigated the hours and wages in the cotton mills of the country. It found that the average full-time wage of women mill hands in Alabama was $11.88 a week; $12.32 in South Carolina and $14.62 in North Carolina. The average weekly wage for men in these states was $14.58, $15.46 and $17.41. In Alabama and South Carolina, a fifty-five-hour week is the rule, and the sixty-hour week prevails in North Carolina.

Last month a committee from its House of Representatives reported to the South Carolina Legislature that the efficiency methods were working a hardship on the operatives, and urged the necessity for the betterment of conditions.

"We find that the whole trouble in the textile area has been brought about by putting more work on the employees than they can do," the report stated. "In a card-room in one mill, five section men were employed at $23 per week. This force was cut to four men and the pay also cut to $17.25 per week. Later, this force was reduced to three and

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the pay was raised a little—to $20.23 a week. In one mill, six sweepers were employed on the day shift. Two were laid-off and four did the work, but there was no increase in pay for the four. In one mill the man who had formerly operated 24 looms was given 114 to care for. When running 24 looms, he received $18.91 per week. When running 114 looms, he received $23 per week. We find conditions deplorable in many mill villages, both as to pay and as to living. In some places we found families actually in need, though members of those families were working regularly."

One would be optimistic to say that the end of an age of low wages and docile labor is at hand. But there are signs that the chambers of commerce are conning over the lesson of high wages and increased purchasing power. The new spirit, or such of it as exists, will meet a test in July when the first units of the American Enka Corporation, nearing completion near Asheville, N. C., are put into operation. This $10,000,000 plant, a subsidiary of the Enka Artificial Silk Company of Holland, said to be the largest rayon producer in Europe, is receiving applications from job-seekers. Asheville, which made many sacrifices to win the plant, is greatly concerned with rumors that the wage scale is to be very low. No hint of the scale has yet been given out by the management.

The obvious lesson inherent in the southern textile-strike situation is that the time is opportune for the region to adjust itself to industrialism without the terrible price paid by textile towns in New England for industrial revolution.

LOUIS STARK.

The Two-Hour War

ON August 13, 1928, the "Northern Power" opened its attack upon London. Seventy-five aeroplanes, each carrying 500 pounds of "bombs," swooped down upon the city from the northeast. They were met by an equal number of defense planes, by batteries of anti-aircraft guns, by an extensive balloon system—by every known device for defense against an air attack. But within less than thirty minutes after crossing the coast-line, the defense planes had been eluded, the attack had centered directly over London, "bombs" had been dropped on predetermined targets, the Air Ministry Building, power houses, water works—indeed, all government and strategic buildings—were in ruins, and the attacking force was wheeling back into the north without a casualty.

Every specified objective was bombed. Fifty thousand pounds of theoretical explosives were dropped through 16,000 feet, with the accuracy of gun fire. Had these twenty-two tons of bombs been filled with diphenyl chloroarsine, half of the population of London would have been wiped out: 3,750,000 men, women, and children, according to the calculations of the judges. Fifty tons of gas, an amount readily negotiable by a force of 200 planes, would have destroyed every living thing in the London area. Furthermore, the attacking planes were manned mostly by civilians, so that the defense might have as much advantage as possible.

This whole drama, to be sure, was mimic warfare, but it was carried out with great care, and the results I have cited were the sober conclusions of the army judges. All known methods of defense were helpless before seventy-five amateur pilots. Not a single attacking plane was downed. Imagine what might be done with 500 planes manned by experienced army pilots—a force that every one of the leading nations can readily mobilize.

France is now in a position to bring 4,000 planes into action at the call of the radio. She is prepared to drop 120 tons of bombs in a single raid. This measures the progress made since the War, when the maximum tonnage of bombs dropped in any month was twelve. Yet five of those antediluvian planes broke up the whole Turkish army on its march to Palestine. Germany is experimenting with silent and invisible aircraft: muffled exhausts and camouflaged bodies. The British Ripon plane can attain a speed of 150 miles an hour, can ascend almost vertically, and is fitted with racks for assorted bombs. Recently one of these monsters dropped a torpedo weighing a ton in the Humber. A far smaller bomb, carried by a tiny aeroplane, sent the great battleship "Ostfriedland" to the bottom in a recent test. Mr. J. M. Kenworthy, M. P., tells us of a 4,300-pound bomb, capable of displacing 1,000 cubic yards of sand, which, if dropped in Piccadilly, would obliterate the whole street. He also predicts shortly a 300-mile-per-hour plane, as well as automatic planes, which will be steered by wireless from the ground, with bombs released by wireless.

There are at least two varieties of poison gas against which no mask is any protection. Cacodyl isocyanide is in the possession of all the great nations, a gas so frightful that military men admit to reporters that they do not see how they could bring themselves to use it. There are also irritating gases, which cause the victim to tear off his mask, and thus take a full breath of the poison gas which has previously been laid. Government purchasing agents can take their choice of bombs filled with deadly plague or bacilli, or with anthrax for the extermination of milk cows and horses. Meanwhile the "radium atomite," just discovered, is a

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more powerful explosive than T. N. T.; and with a newly invented metal compound "a 400-horse-power aeroplane motor can be built so light that a man can easily pick it up and walk with it."

Say that war is declared. Nay, war is only threatened—for he who speaks first speaks last. In Bremen or Calais a thousand men climb into the cockpits of a thousand aircraft, and to each is given a bomb which the pressure of a finger will release, together with instructions as to where, precisely, and at what altitude, that pressure is to be applied. A starting signal, an hour or two of flight, a little veering, dropping, and dodging, as the defense planes rise, a casualty or two as the radium atomite of anti-aircraft guns tries vainly to fill a space one hundred miles square and four miles deep, one muffled roar after another as the bombs are dropped per schedule, and so, to all intents and purposes, the civilization founded by William the Conqueror, which gave Bacon, Newton, and Watt to the world, comes, in something like half an hour, to a close. Finished and done, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham, Leeds —each has had its appointed place on the code of instructions, and each now vanishes from the list of habitable places on the planet. Not even a rat, not even an ant, not even a roach, can survive. Every power nerve has been cut with explosives; every living thing has ceased to breathe by virtue of diphenyl chloroarsine. Even the author of "Man and Superman," who had so often and so successfully defied whatever gods may be, lies prone upon a London sidewalk, a smile on his fine white face, and a hand flung out upon which a burning beam has fallen. . . .

"No convention, guarantee, or disarmament safeguard can be relied upon to stop a powerful nation from using the most effective weapon it has." The most effective weapon, and all powerful nations have it in great numbers, is a machine capable of moving at great speed in the air. In effect it has reduced all other weapons—battleships, artillery, fortresses, machine guns, tanks—to so much scrap iron. The only thing it cannot be sure of harming is a submarine with a hundred feet of ocean over it. This latter mechanism, if it stays under far enough and long enough, can still do some damage to enemy shipping, but its methods to my mind are over-cautious and over-costly.

A good submarine costs about $5,000,000; it requires a crew of thirty men; its speed does not exceed twenty miles an hour submerged, and it is not a very straight shooter at the best. A good aeroplane may be had for $5,000, its crew is one, it can travel at 200 miles an hour, and it can drop a bomb, as we have seen, with remarkable accuracy. If I were Secretary of War, without too heavy an investment in the capital stocks of steel companies, I should prefer to save my countrymen taxes, and my enemy any lack of annoyance, by destroying his shipping from the air, rather than from the depths. As for the submarine's function against enemy battleships, no battleship will dare to leave its harbor, nor should I, for one, care to take up more than the most temporary residence upon it, while in its harbor, after the declaration of hostilities. Submarines of great size and cost might conceivably be of some use in shelling coast cities with well chosen varieties of poison gas for the few minutes it would take the air force from those cities to get their bombs suspended above them. Then they would have to choose whether to go down temporarily, or forever.

In short, it hardly pays to discuss any mechanism of warfare except the aeroplane. It has the advantage both of being more deadly than any other weapon, all factors considered, and of being cheap. It can be built in a few days, and its cost, relatively speaking, is a trifle. Its primacy comes, as I see it, from the fact that it can operate in three dimensions, where all other weapons, both present and past, are limited to one or two. A submarine can operate in three dimensions, but only by slow and cumbersome wallows, nor can it find much of a belligerent nature to operate upon, except sharks. A projectile travels in a straight line with a curve at the end, and so is essentially a one-dimensional affair. The new gas bullets are said to be capable of turning corners, which gives them two dimensions. A battery, or broadside, can cover a curving plane. Cavalry and infantry can work in two dimensions, and so can a tank, but when a defile or a pass is to be defended, the whole maneuver slows down to one.

Against all attacks developed on the rough plane of the earth's surface defenses can be set up. The space through which the offense can move is more or less rigidly circumscribed. Knowing these limits, the defense can act accordingly, and has time to act accordingly. Heavier guns, heavier armor plate. For every offense there is a defense, usually a good one.

But for a three-dimensional offense there is no defense—or only the sorriest kind, as the attack on London showed. Some genius has suggested that piano wire be suspended from balloons to trap an air offensive. He should receive a prize from a comic weekly. The possible points of attack are suddenly cubed. The only way to keep aeroplanes out of a metropolitan area is to have enough anti-aircraft guns to fill 400 cubic miles practically solid with steel splinters and T. N. T. This would involve, first, a fantastic number of guns, and second, grave discomfort for, if not the positive slaughter of, the metropolitan population, who could not move on the streets without umbrellas of heavy steel. Defense by home aeroplanes is almost equally futile. There is too much space through which the attacker can slip. Tag is a good game on the ground, but it loses all charm in the air.

Military strategy, however, has an easy answer to the problem of the three-dimensional attack, an answer which has been the current coin of success-

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ful generals for thousands of years, of which, indeed, every chess player is aware. The best defense is offense. And so, the instant the thousand planes leave Hamburg for the cities of England, fifteen hundred planes leave London for the cities of Germany. Their ways may cross, but owing to the slipperiness of space and the haste of each squadron to reach its appointed power house or Treasury building on schedule, the casualties will be few, and the end of two civilizations, instead of one, not long delayed. As such things go, another ten minutes at the outside.

There is at least one good thing to be said about the next war: it will not keep us long on edge. We shall not have to worry about finding the money for Liberty Bonds, nor wonder whether George is going to get his commission, whether Fred has been transferred to the front line, or Alice is really determined to have her war baby; we shall not have to search our hearts to uproot any vestiges of sympathy or sometime affection for alien enemies. The whole business will be over in a couple of hours. With lungs full of diphenyl chloroarsine, we shall not need to worry about anything ever again.

The United States and Russia, with their great areas, cannot be obliterated with the same praiseworthy dispatch as the other great powers. England and Japan on their crowded islands will obviously be subject to the most efficient extinction. But a swarm of planes setting out from Toronto could well finish Buffalo, Rochester, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago in a reasonably short time. Particularly complete would be the termination of New York. With her bridges and tunnels bombed, her many tall buildings crashing like tenpins, and with her super-congestion, citizens would hardly have time to seize their checkbooks before being summoned to the waiting rooms of the recording angel.

Frankly, I see no possible way out. The technological limit of the aeroplane—not the aeroplane of tomorrow, if you please, but the aeroplane of today—provides for precisely the results I have been chronicling. This is the sort of thing that aeroplanes, with bombs swung below them, pilot-controlled or automatic, are perfectly equipped to do. Nor is there any known way to stop them. These bristling pictures of anti-aircraft guns in the Sunday supplements, together with General Fossil's account of their range and accuracy, are an insult to the intelligence. The super-dreadnaughts throwing up great walls of spume, beautiful as they are as pieces of engineering, are an even worse insult. These gas masks for every man, woman, and child are the worst of all.

It is perhaps contrary to the code of the sportsman, but every now and then I know when I am beaten. I am willing to fight against the domination of as many peace-time mechanisms as you please, with a hazy but still enduring confidence in victory. But against a three-dimensional war-machine, I have no confidence of anything except that the unique association of electrons which comprises myself is about to form new and interesting chemical combinations. This, I confess, stirs my imagination, but no more than if you pointed a revolver at my head and gave me three seconds in which to die.

My notes show a galaxy of war machines which I have not even described, terrific affairs, but all operating in one and two dimensions. Yet for all this documentary remissness, I think that I have said enough. Perhaps I have said too much. There may be a practicable defense against the aeroplane among the secrets of the several Colleges of War, waiting for opportunity to prove its worth. If so, it is a secret that has been remarkably well kept.

One final qualification there must be. One can readily visualize the liquidation of two great nations in the next war, possibly of two coalitions; but hardly the whole of western civilization, and certainly not the whole world. It takes a lot of poison gas and aeroplanes to kill two billion people. My guess would be that nothing will stop the defensive-offensive in the air of the two belligerents, and the neat balancing off, in a few hours' time, of all their temporal affairs.

The persons capable of imagining the holocaust in advance are so few, and of such slight influence —particularly in war and navy departments—that the world will not realize what it now faces until it has faced it, in a *fait accompli*. Then, and not until then, realization will come—possibly, as the extras bring one incredible horror after another, it will come very fast. In a few days, perhaps, after the two belligerents have been laid to rest, the neutral world will be in a sufficient state of shock to see that this sort of thing must stop forever.

The surviving West, together with the East, will then ban the machine from war—which means, of course, the banishment of war. Or so the conclusion hangs, neatly balanced between the hope and the belief, within the mind.

STUART CHASE.

Boston Stays Pure

ON THE eve of Patriot's Day, a jury in the fourth session of the Suffolk Superior Court in Boston found that when Donald S. Friede, formerly vice-president of Boni and Liveright, sold a copy of "An American Tragedy" to a Boston police lieutenant during the height of the famous battle of books in 1927, he was guilty of selling a book containing obscene, indecent, and impure language and manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth. To those unfamiliar with the state of mind prevalent today in Boston, or with the narrow laws of Massachusetts which govern its sale of literature, the branding of Theodore Drei-

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ser's book as unfit for circulation by a jury of twelve supposedly intelligent men may have come as an inexplicable surprise. To those who know Boston, the "censorship law," the state of mind of Suffolk County juries, and the attitude of the city's public officials toward books which do not conform with their inherited religious beliefs, the outcome of the trial was neither surprising nor inexplicable. It was just what intelligent observers expected. Instead of deploring a verdict that could hardly have been otherwise, under existing conditions, New York and the rest of the country that is threatened with "clean-book laws" should take warning.

In Boston, in fact, in the whole state, as the case of Commonwealth vs. Friede so strongly brought out, all literature is officially judged, whenever the fanatics are able to bring a book into court, upon the standards of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." Under as strict an interpretation of the law as that to which Judge Hayes in this case adhered, even the Bible, or Shakespeare, or any other classic, could only go to the jury in sections, marked by the district attorney as obscene. And the precedent which makes this mandatory, which discards the theme of the book, the object of the author in writing the book, and any lesson intended by the book, as immaterial, is La Glyn's work. That book was deemed obscene by the Watch and Ward Society in 1908, and the dictum of the Society was upheld by the courts. In that case Judge Hammond made certain rulings that have been, and will be, the basis for all book trials in Massachusetts unless the Supreme Court, which is due to receive the Friede-Dreiser case on exceptions in due time, shall reverse his interpretations of the law and reinterpret the law's intent, which seems doubtful.

The Massachusetts law, which certain reformers in New York are fighting to have placed on the statute books of that state, reads that any book "*containing* impure, indecent, or obscene language, or manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth" is not fit for sale, and the sale of such book may be punished by a maximum penalty of two years in jail and a fine of $1,000. Because the law reads that the book must "contain" improper language, the work of the district attorney is clearly cut out for him. It works this way: A complaint is made to the police that a certain person sold a book to the complainant which, in the latter's opinion, contained illegal language. The seller is arrested, charged with violating the "book act." He is haled before a municipal court judge who then reads the book and ascertains whether it is obscene, and pronounces the defendant either guilty or not guilty. It was to this point only in the machinery of the law that H. L. Mencken got in the celebrated "Hatrack" case. If the defendant is found guilty in the lower court, he has the right of appeal, and this is why Donald Friede was in the Superior Court, before a jury, just two years to a day after he sold a copy of "An American Tragedy" to police lieutenant Daniel Hines of the vice-and-liquor squad of police headquarters.

When a case goes before a jury, the district attorney must mark such passages as in his opinion are indecent, impure and obscene. In the Friede case, the original complaint read to the effect that the book contained language too indecent to be particularly set forth in the indictment. Upon the opening of the case in Superior Court an amended complaint specifically set forth the passages to which objection was made. All of the "marked passages" were in Volume I, and Judge G. W. H. Hayes, a district court judge from the stocking town of Ipswich, sitting in the Superior sessions owing to the crowded conditions of the court, acting upon the precedent of the "Three Weeks" trial, allowed as evidence only those passages that were marked. Preliminary and intervening passages and chapters were not permissible as evidence under his ruling.

The state then read these passages to the jury. The first one was on page forty-seven, and, like all the others read, contained sexual references. A number of passages which under the law might have been indictable were omitted, but those referring to Clyde Griffith's affair with Roberta, in which contraceptives, pills, and abortions, or anything which by the stretch of imagination might be allied to that bugaboo of the Catholic Church, birth control, were read with dramatic emphasis to the jury, which was composed of a janitor, a hatter, a shipper, an auto washer, a house painter, two machinists, two salesmen, two clerks, and a treasurer. The majority of the jury were Irish Roman Catholics. The jury was not "hand-picked," but was merely typical of all Suffolk County juries. Attorneys Darrow and Hays argued vainly for admission of the whole book as evidence, but were overruled, with exceptions noted. The district attorney's case consisted only of establishing the sale of the book and the reading of the passages. When the defense called Theodore Dreiser to the stand, court rulings, which were sustainings of the prosecution's objections, allowed him, in effect, to testify that he had written the book, and nothing more. Richard Fuller, Boston bookseller, was admitted only to say that he had sold the book to mature persons. And the defendant's testimony was narrowed down to admitting the sale of the book.

All arguments for the admission of the entire book, in two volumes, at which time Darrow made eloquent defense of the book as a great moral lesson, were made with the jury absent from the court room. Even the reporters were warned not to print this part of the trial on penalty of being held in contempt of court. Judge Hayes finally relented a bit and did allow the reading by the defense of the entire chapters in which the "impure, indecent, and obscene" language appeared. In the summing up for the defense, Attorney Hays was allowed only to talk about the chapters mentioned; but the district attorney was allowed to instil prejudice in the jury with wild references to birth control, imported attorneys, Texas Guinan, the sanctity of the home,

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and the moral standards of his own birth-place, the Mission Church hill district of Roxbury.

In the opinion of those who know Boston, the defense made several errors. They had "imported attorneys," one an avowed agnostic, the other a "liberal." The latter, Mr. Hays, in his address to the jury, recalled the Scopes trial and brought up the Darwinian theory before a jury of which at least eight had been brought up in a church which impatiently refuses to accept this theory any more than do the hill billies of Tennessee. Both he and Mr. Darrow were present as speakers at the Ford Hall Forum annual dinner the second evening of the trial, wherein district attorneys, censors, and Boston in general were held up to ridicule with keen satire. After the two "wise New York lawyers" had gone home, Attorney Thomas Lavelle, also of the defense, tried to get a new trial on the grounds that the jury might have been prejudiced by the presence of Darrow and Hays at this meeting, with its attendant publicity. Fully cognizant that, under Massachusetts law, he might have held Attorney Hays in contempt of court for talking about a case then before a jury, Judge Hayes refused the motion.

But even if the wild ramblings of Assistant District Attorney Frederick T. Doyle (a graduate of Harvard Law School, by the way) had not conjured up a bogey man to scare the jurors, the charge of Judge Hayes would have left no other alternative for the twelve good men and true. And in this charge, which is an excellent exposition of the letter of the law, one may see the evils and the terrors which such a statute may bring about. "The theme of the book," the judge explained, "is immaterial, the object of the author in writing the book is immaterial, any lesson intended by the book is immaterial. No matter what the tone of the book as a whole may be, it is immaterial as far as you are concerned.

"The only question before you is, 'Are the pages read to you and set forth in the amendment to the complaint impure, indecent and obscene, or manifestly tending toward the corruption of youth'? If that is so, it is not necessary to find that the words alone are indecent. You must determine if the thoughts aroused by the words are offensive to morality and chastity and tend to corrupt youth. If the language used is such as to arouse animal rather than spiritual thoughts, if desire is aroused in the minds susceptible to such influences, if the language used is such as to arouse unchaste thoughts in the minds of youth into whose hands the book *might* fall, you are warranted in finding a verdict of guilty."

Thus a book which *might* fall into the hands of youth and which on certain isolated pages has thoughts and words which by themselves *might* arouse in immature minds sexual thoughts, may not, by the verdict which the jury rendered, be sold in Massachusetts to people of maturity, of education, of culture, or even to ordinary human beings who may desire to spend five dollars for nine hundred pages of close type in two plainly bound volumes. The next to the highest tribunal in the state has so spoken, and, until such a time as the law is changed or the Supreme Court may set aside this verdict, all modern literature in Massachusetts hovers in fear under the tyrannical figure of The Law!

But, as I have said, the verdict was expected.

KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER.

What Mrs. Dennett Wrote

ON TUESDAY, April 23, Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett was found guilty, by a jury in a federal court, of sending obscene matter through the mails, for which the possible penalty is a fine of $5,000 or imprisonment for five years, or both.

Mrs. Dennett's trial grew out of her sending through the mails a copy of "The Sex Side of Life," a pamphlet written by her eleven years ago for the instruction of her own sons, at that time half-grown. It first saw print in the pages of The Medical Review of Reviews for February, 1918, and was republished in pamphlet form at the suggestion of the editor. Many thousands of copies have since been distributed by the Young Men's Christian Association and other religious and social organizations. It has been used in the public schools of Bronxville and distributed to students in the Union Theological Seminary and numerous other similar institutions.

This pamphlet was branded in court as obscene, and the jury was barred from hearing testimony from physicians and social workers in regard to it. In order to show how false and unfair was the allegation, The New Republic reprints below the major part of the pamphlet itself. We include the editor's note from The Medical Review of Reviews, Mrs. Dennett's own "Introduction for Elders," and all the body of the pamphlet except the final passages which describe the physiology of the reproductive organs and of sexual intercourse. These are omitted for an obvious reason: Mrs. Dennett having been found guilty because of these passages, with her case now pending on appeal to a higher court, we do not wish to confuse the issue by instituting a new occasion for a trial, and one which would in all probability cause this issue of The New Republic to be withheld from its mail subscribers. We can assure our read-

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ers, however, that the passages we omit are dignified, straightforward, and entirely in the tone of those we print.—THE EDITORS.

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

From the Medical Review of Reviews

We have come across so much rubbish on this subject that we drifted into the conclusion that an honest sex essay for young folks would not be produced by this generation.

Recently there came to this desk a manuscript bearing the title "The Sex Side of Life" and the sub-title "An Explanation for Young People," written by Mary Ware Dennett. No editor ever confesses that he reads an article with prejudice, but we will admit that we expected this MS would be "returned with thanks." It was reasonable to suppose that a laywoman would not succeed where physicians had failed. Even after we had read the introduction we were not convinced, for we have met several books whose texts do not fulfill the promises made by the preface. But after reading a few pages of the essay itself, we realized we were listening to the music of a different drummer. Instead of familiar notes of fear and pretense, we were surprised to hear the clarion call of truth.

Mary Ware Dennett's "Sex Side of Life" is "on the level." In the pages of The Medical Review of Reviews, her essay will reach only the profession, but we sincerely hope that this splendid contribution will be reprinted in pamphlet form and distributed by thousands to the general public. We are tolerably familiar with Anglo-American writings on sexology, but we know nothing that equals Mrs. Dennett's brochure. Physicians and social workers are frequently asked: "What shall I say to my growing child?" Mary Ware Dennett, in her rational sex primer, at last furnishes a satisfactory answer. V. R.

INTRODUCTION FOR ELDERS

In reading several dozen books on sex matters for the young with a view to selecting the best for my own children, I found none that I was willing to put into their hands, without first guarding them against what I considered very misleading and harmful impressions, which they would otherwise be sure to acquire in reading them. That is the excuse for this article.

It is far more specific than most sex information written for young people. I believe we owe it to children to be specific if we talk about the subject at all.

From a careful observation of youthful curiosity and a very vivid recollection of my own childhood, I have tried to explain frankly the points about which there is the greatest inquiry. These points are *not* frankly or clearly explained in most sex literature. They are avoided, partly from embarrassment, but more, apparently, because those who have undertaken to instruct the children are not really clear in their own minds as to the proper status of the sex relation.

I found that, from the physiological point of view, the question was handled with limitations and reservations. From the point of natural science it was often handled with sentimentality, the child being led from a semi-esthetic study of the reproduction of flowers and animals to the acceptance of a similar idea for human beings. From the moral point of view it was handled least satisfactorily of all, the child being given a jumble of conflicting ideas, with no means of correlating them—fear of venereal disease, one's duty to suppress "animal passion," the sacredness of marriage, and so forth. And from the emotional point of view, the subject was not handled at all.

This one omission seems to me to be the key to the whole situation, and it is the basis of the radical departure I have made from precedents in most sex literature for children.

Concerning all four points of view just mentioned, there are certain departures from the traditional method that have seemed to me worth making.

On the physiological side I have given, as far as possible, the proper terminology for the sex organs and functions. Children have had to read expurgated literature which has been specially prepared for them in poetic or colloquial terms, and then are needlessly mystified when they hear things called by their real names.

On the side of natural science, I have emphasized our unlikeness to the plants and animals rather than our likeness, for while the points we have in common with the lower orders make an interesting section in our general education, it is knowing about the vital points in which we differ that helps us to solve the sexual problems of maturity; and the child needs that knowledge precisely as he needs knowledge of everything which will fortify him for wise decisions when he is grown.

On the moral side, I have tried to avoid confusion and dogmatism in the following ways: by eliminating fear of venereal disease as an appeal for strictly limited sex relations; stating candidly that venereal disease *is* becoming curable; by barring out all mention of "brute" or "animal" passion, terms frequently used in pleas for chastity and self-control, as such talk is an aspersion on the brutes and has done children much harm in giving them the impression that there is an essential baseness in the sex relation; by inviting the inference that marriage is "sacred" by virtue of its being a reflection of human ideality rather than because it is a legalized institution.

Unquestionably the stress which most writers have laid upon the beauty of nature's plans for perpetuating the plant and animal species, and the effort to have the child carry over into human life some sense of that beauty, has come from a most commendable instinct to protect the child from the

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natural shock of the revelation of so much that is unesthetic and revolting in human sex life. The nearness of the sex organs to the excretory organs, the pain and messiness of childbirth are elements which certainly needed some compensating antidote to prevent their making too disagreeable and disproportionate an impress on the child's mind.

The results are doubtless good as far as they go, but they do not go nearly far enough. What else is there to call upon to help out? Why, the one thing which has been persistently neglected by practically all the sex writers—the emotional side of sex experience. Parents and teachers have been afraid of it and distrustful of it. In almost none of the books for young people that I have thus far read has there been the frank, unashamed declaration that the climax of sex emotion is an unsurpassed joy, something which rightly belongs to every human being, a joy to be proudly and serenely experienced. Instead, there has been all too evident an inference that sex emotion is a thing to be ashamed of, that yielding to it is indulgence which must be curbed as much as possible, that all thought and understanding of it must be rigorously postponed, at any rate till after marriage.

We give to young folks, in their general education, as much as they can grasp of science and ethics and art, and yet in their sex education, which rightly has to do with all of these, we have said, "Give them only the bare physiological facts, lest they be prematurely stimulated." Others of us, realizing that the bare physiological facts are shocking to many a sensitive child, and must somehow be softened with something pleasant, have said, "Give them the facts, yes, but see to it that they are so related to the wonders of evolution and the beauties of the natural world that the shock is minimized." But none of us has yet dared to say, "Yes, give them the facts, give them the nature study, too, but also give them some conception of sex life as a vivifying joy, as a vital art, as a thing to be studied and developed with reverence for its big meaning, with understanding of its far-reaching reactions, psychologically and spiritually, with temperate restraint, good taste and the highest idealism." We have contented ourselves by assuming that marriage makes sex relations respectable. We have not said that it is only beautiful sex relations that can make marriage lovely.

Young people are just as capable of being guided and inspired in their thought about sex emotion as in their taste and ideals in literature and ethics, and just as they imperatively need to have their general taste and ideals cultivated in preparing for mature life, so do they need to have some understanding of the marvelous place which sex emotion has in life.

Only such an understanding can be counted on to give them the self-control that is born of knowledge, not fear, the reverence that will prevent premature or trivial connections, the good taste and finesse that will make their sex life when they reach maturity a vitalizing success.

An Explanation for Young People

When boys and girls get into their "teens," a side of them begins to wake up which has been asleep or only partly developed ever since they were born, that is, the sex side of them. It is the most wonderful and interesting part of growing up. This waking is partly of the mind, partly of the body and partly of the feeling or emotions.

You can't help wanting to understand all about it, but somehow you find yourself a little embarrassed in asking all the questions that come into your mind, and often you don't feel quite like talking about it freely, even to your father and mother. Sometimes it is easier to talk with your best friends, because they are your own age, and are beginning to have these new feelings too.

But remember that young people don't know nearly so much about it as older people do, and that the older ones really want to help you with their experience and advice; and yet, they, like you, often feel rather embarrassed themselves and don't know how to go about it. I suppose it is because it is all so very personal and still remains somewhat mysterious, in spite of all that people know about it.

If our bodies were just like machines, then we could learn about them and manage them quite scientifically as we do automobiles, but they are not like that. They are more than machines that have to be supplied with fuel (food) and kept clean and oiled (by bathing, exercise and sleep). They are the homes of our souls and our feelings, and that makes all the difference in the world in the way we act, and it makes what we have to learn, not limited to science only, but it has to include more difficult and complicated things like psychology and morality.

Maybe I can't make this article help you, but I remember so well what I wanted to know and how I felt when I was young that I am now going to try. And I will tell you, to start out with, that there is a great deal that nobody knows yet, in spite of the fact that the human race has been struggling thousands of years to learn.

Life is still a mystery, especially human life. Human life, in many respects, is like plant and animal life, but in many ways it is entirely different, and the ways in which it is different are almost more important for us to think about than the way in which it is similar. In all life, except in the very lowest forms, new life is created by the coming together, in a very close and special way, of the male and female elements. You have studied at school about the plants and you probably have observed some animals, so you know something about what this means if you do not understand it thoroughly.

But what you want to know most of all is just how it is with human beings. You want to know just what this coming together is, how it is done, how it starts the new life, the baby, and how the baby is born. You want to understand the wonderful sex organs, that are different in men and women, what each part is for and how it works.

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If you feel very curious and excited and shy about it, don't let yourself be a bit worried or ashamed. Your feelings are quite natural, and most everybody else has felt just the same way at your age. Remember that strong feelings are immensely valuable to us. All we need to do is to steer them in the right direction and keep them well balanced and proportioned.

Now in order to understand something of why this subject stirs us so, we must notice in what ways we human beings are *different* from the plants and animals. About the lowest form of life is the ameba. It looks like a little lump of jelly, and it produces its young by merely separating itself in two. One part drifts off from the other part and each becomes a separate live being. There is no male and no female and they didn't *know* they were doing it. In the plants a higher stage of development is reached: there is the male and the female and they join together, not by coming to each other, or because they *know* they belong together, but quite unconsciously, with the aid of the bees and other insects and the wind, the male part, the pollen, is carried to the female part—they meet, and at once the germ of a new plant begins to grow.

Then come to the animals. In all higher forms of animal life, the male creature *comes* to the female creature and himself places within her body the germ which, when it meets the egg which is waiting for it, immediately makes a new life begin to grow. But animals come together without *knowing why*. They do it from instinct only, and they do it in what is called the mating season, which is usually in the spring. The mating season happens once a year among most of the higher animals, like birds and wild cattle, but to some animals it comes several times a year, as with rabbits, for instance. You doubtless know already that the more highly developed the animal, the longer it takes the young one to grow within the mother before it is born, and the longer the period when it is helpless to provide its own food and care.

Now we come to human beings, and see how different they are! They have no regular mating season, and while there is a certain amount of instinct in men and women which tends to bring them together, the sex impulse among finely developed people is far more the result of their feeling of love for each other than mere animal instinct alone. Many of the animals make no choice at all in their mating. Any near-by female will do for the male. But among some of the higher animals the male has a special instinct for a certain female, and the female will not tolerate any but a certain male. Most of the animals have different mates every season, though there are a few kinds where the male and female, once having mated, remain mates for years, sometimes even for life. But it is *only human beings* whose mating is what we call "falling in love," and that is an experience far beyond anything that the animals know.

It means that a man and a woman feel that they *belong* to each other in a way that they belong to no one else; it makes them wonderfully happy to be together; they find they want to live together, work together, play together, and to have children together, that is, to marry each other; and their dream is to be happy together all their lives. Sometimes the dream does not come true, and there is much failure and unhappiness, but just the same, people go right on trying to make it a success, because it is what they care most for.

The sex attraction is the deepest feeling that human beings know, and unlike the animals, it is far more than a mere sensation of the body. It takes in the emotions and the mind and the soul, and that is why so much of our happiness is dependent upon it. . . .

MARY WARE DENNETT.

Washington Notes

THE more the Hoover administration is observed, the clearer it seems to me that Herbert's unpopularity among the politicians is going to be very great. But what difference does it make? The fact about Hoover is the fact about Coolidge—the people in the country as a whole, the average non-arguable man and woman, some twenty-one millions of whom voted for him, really believe in him and are sincerely for him. Whether he is entitled to the support is beside the question. At least he has on merit vastly more to justify it than his sour little predecessor, whose reputation was wholly based on propaganda and whose achievements in and out of the White House were almost completely mythical. The important thing, however, is not why he has it or how he got it, but that he has it. Of that fact there is not the slightest doubt, which is the reason why the imprecations, threats and general hostility of certain so-called statesmen on the hill are more ridiculous than impressive. In the end, Herbert will get the better of them. Not only is he able to think from three to eight laps ahead of the best there are in the Senate—and does—but the irresistible weight of a favorable press and a believing public is behind him. With such a combination, as we have seen, even an inert man, without soundness on his side, is fairly invincible. With no desire to eulogize the efficient Hoover, it must be admitted that in addition to being active he is most exasperatingly sound, which naturally adds to the strength of his position in the Senate controversy in which he is now engaged.

As a matter of fact, I do not believe the difficulties of the administration over the debenture plan of farm relief, put forward in the Senate and attacked by Hoover in his ten-point letter to Mr. McNary—who seems to me to be playing, or trying to play, both ends against the middle—are going to be very serious. Clearly, despite the bellowing of Mr. Brookhart, whose career as the White House Spokesman was brief and inglorious, and notwithstanding the belligerency of George Norris, the debenture plan is a doomed proposition. That Hoover letter, reinforced by reports from the Secretaries of Agriculture, the Treasury and Commerce, knocked the bottom out of it politically.

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There is no real way to patch it up, and even its passage in the Senate through a combination of Democrats and western Republicans, which is highly improbable, would be meaningless. The House would reject it with promptness and emphasis and in conference committee, backed by the weight of public sentiment, with practically all the press support and the clear assurance that the President would veto such a bill if presented to him—under these conditions, the House would be certain to win.

In other words, on farm relief the Senate has maneuvered itself into a perfectly impossible position. Either it must take full responsibility, this time, for wrecking the whole farm-relief program, or it must accept the House bill. It takes no clairvoyant to know what it will do. The truth is, of course, that there is very little sincerity in the Senate fight for the debenture plan. Part of its support is due to Democratic hostility to Hoover and part to the pressure of the farm organizations, the leaders of which sponsored the plan in the first place and are committed to it up to the hilt. The situation is one calculated to make more or less miserable those Republicans in the Senate who want to stand well with the administration and retain the favor of the farm leaders at the same time. One of these is the aforesaid McNary, whose efforts in this direction appear to have had the net result of making both the White House and the more outspoken of the progressives alike suspicious in regard to his sincerity.

However, farm relief is not the real fight of the session. The real fight is the tariff, and there is a complete appreciation of this fact at the White House. There is no attempt there to minimize the character of the coming struggle. A few weeks ago, after Herbert had his talk with genial Joe Grundy, there was a comfortable feeling among the secretariat and the Hoover publicists that the situation was "well in hand." There is no such feeling now. It is now recognized that that chastened appearance and resigned manner of the Hon. Grundy were a hollow sham. He was neither chastened nor resigned; on the contrary, he left the White House in a bitter and battling mood. He declines altogether to accept the sort of limitation Mr. Hoover wants to put on the tariff revision and has been hard at work since his talk with the President to nullify Mr. Hoover's ideas and block his progress. The American Tariff League, of which Grundy is the inspiration and guiding influence, has unlimbered its literary guns and sent out a general alarm.

Senators, particularly, are feeling the manufacturing pressure and there will be a pretty fight, led in the Senate by David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, whose subserviency to the protected interests in his state is as complete as such a thing can be. The Hoover danger lies in the desire of individual Democratic Senators to increase the tariff on schedules of particular interest in their own states. What this means is that the Democrats, far from having any definite policy on the tariff, will engage in a log-rolling, vote-swapping, back-scratching scramble, the double purpose of which will be to put Herbert in the hole and to serve their own selfish state interests. The Hoover strength in this battle, as in farm relief, lies in the House, where there is every prospect that the tariff bill will be passed in such shape as is pleasant to him. Furthermore, in the inevitable conference committee, the indications are that the House conferees will be far stiffer this time than usual, having with them that consciousness of rectitude which, combined with popular support, greatly increases their powers of resistance. The additional advantage Mr. Hoover has in this, his initial fight, is his complete preparedness for it. For some time he has seen it coming, and has had his mind on it.

I make one little prediction—to wit, that as a result of this mental concentration, when the real jam comes, the so-called psychological moment arrives, there will come from Mr. Hoover some surprising but effective moves. I am not in the least in his confidence, and I have not the remotest notion of what he will do. I make the prediction, however, with complete confidence, because it is so obvious and easy. Anyone who knows Mr. Hoover, and particularly anyone who has observed him closely since he entered the White House, could make, it seems to me, the same prediction with the same confidence. It is merely the way Hoover works.

The oil-conservation order, the southern-patronage policy, the revelation about judicial endorsements, the Hugh Gibson naval-reduction proposal, the debenture letter—these are samples of Hoover surprises, illustrative of what I mean by "planning ahead." He had these things all thought-out and prepared, long before they were announced. It is the typical Hoover procedure. You may or may not approve of his innovations; the Hoover surprises may or may not appeal to you, but it is silly to deny that carefully planned action is the keynote of the man. And he is as incapable of not planning action for the tariff fight as he was incapable of letting that debenture bill go through Congress and be laid in his lap, as Mr. Coolidge permitted the equalization fee of last session to be laid in his.

No, it requires no particular vision to foresee a White House surprise move in the tariff business. That is a sure bet. The interesting thing is what form it will take. Unused to handling political weapons, Herbert will perhaps let this one backfire and blow him to pieces. Or perhaps it will blow the arms and legs off his Senate opponents. Anyhow, there will be some fun on Capitol Hill this June.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Epitaph for a Fickle Man

Two women had these words engraved—
The first and last of whom he tired.
One told the other, while they lived,
The thing between them he desired.

What now it is they do not know,
Or where he seeks it round the sun.
They only ask the wind to blow,
And that his will be ever done.

MARK VAN DOREN.

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More Keats and Shakespeare

THAT Keats's mind and desire on the side of the passionate romantic was close to Shakespeare is, of course, well known. There is also a certain clear and simple good sense, something lucid and downright about his approach to his matter and his technical consciousness that links Keats to Shakespeare, though always in a smaller vein, and so, as we might expect, the young poet's comments on this model that he chose for himself, almost suddenly perhaps—or certainly never fully until then—in the spring of 1817, are now sensible, now rapturous, now defensive, but always close and personal. Up to this time he had read Shakespeare—Cowden Clarke speaks of "Cymbeline" on his lips when he was sixteen—but never until now, when he was half-way through his twenty-second year, had his mind caught fire with him—"We read fine things," he wrote in a letter to Reynolds, "but never feel them to the full until we have gone the same steps as the author." It was the interval between his first two great attempts, his volume of poems and the "Endymion." That spring he wrote to Haydon, "I remember your saying that you had notions of a good Genius presiding over you. I have of late had the same thought, for things which I do half at random are afterwards confirmed by my judgment in a dozen features of Propriety. Is it too daring to fancy Shakespeare this Presider?"

Mr. Middleton Murry, in his admirable "Keats and Shakespeare" published four years ago, had not the advantage of these seven volumes on which this new volume from the Oxford Press is based. Miss Caroline F. E. Spurgeon, basking in the October sun not far from New York, hears incidentally of an edition of Shakespeare that had belonged to the poet Keats, who, it appears, gave it to his friend, the painter Severn. The books are in Princeton, near at hand. Meanwhile the two books of Shakespeare, the folio edition of 1623 and the "Poems" that Keats owned and marked have been for a long time accessible in the Dilke Collection at Hampstead. And in the list of Keats's books drawn up by Wodehouse and now in the Morgan Library, the seven-volume Shakespeare is set down, and mention made of the fact that the sixth volume of the set has been lost. In the Buxton Forman edition of Keats's works, 1901, this sixth volume of the Johnson and Steevens Shakespeare is cited, with due regret for its disappearance into America, since it is said to contain Keats's own notes and markings. And so, therefore, after fifty years, this book, together with the six others, is encountered in Princeton in the library of Mr. George Armour. Mr. Armour bought them in 1881 at a London sale of the Keats relics and effects that had belonged to Joseph Severn, who, outliving Keats by so many years, had died in Rome in 1879. Keats's comments and markings in these seven volumes, an astonishing amount of them, are now for the first time published in this careful and complete and curiously alive book of Miss Spurgeon's, "Keats's Shakespeare" (Oxford University Press; $10).

These, then, are the volumes of Shakespeare that Keats bought in London before he set out for the Isle of Wight, in April, 1817, and that, when he was breakfasting alone at Southampton and waiting for the packet, he "unbox'd" to break his loneliness. His habit was to read and reread, underlining the phrases that struck him, the verses, the longer passages, almost always for their imagery and splendor and beauty, though sometimes the characterization is what strikes him. The plays as great drama he seems less concerned with; the comic passages he almost passes by; the historical tragedies he is not happy over; in sum, he reads as a romantic poet, feeling that he understands the great poet to his depths, learning from him, returning to him for nourishment and light. Sometimes he puts a dotted line down the sides of a passage, one side or both, sometives heavy lines up and down and underscorings as well. In the seven volumes the markings and wear show that the plays most read were "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and after these—some distance after—"Measure for Measure," "Anthony and Cleopatra" and so on. Some of the plays have been read a great deal but marked little, "Hamlet," for example; and some, like "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet," much read but not marked at all.

Keats was writing "Endymion," and from these Shakespeare pages was gathering life for his own creation. Sometimes it is only the fragrance, music or excitement that is transferred to his own verse; sometimes there is a more direct borrowing or closer following of the model.

> The ditty does remember my drown'd father

becomes

> Old ditties sigh above their father's grave;

or

> ..... we are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

passes into "Endymion" as

> ..... The Morphean fount
> Of that fine element that visions, dreams,
> And fitful whims of sleep are made of.

There are three or four dozen of such instances.

In line after line, image after image, where the feeling is more intense and the energy more poignant that drove Shakespeare to this expression of himself, we can see Keats making this other poet's case a parallel of his own. That middle period of Shakespeare's, clouded and touched with the shadow of his life, seems to Keats to speak to him directly. And from the time of his meeting with Fanny Brawne in 1818 and all during the course of his love for her, he is constantly finding his case in the poet's. His love is made a torture by his despair of any complete return, by gossip about Fanny Brawne's frivolity or faithlessness, and by the certainty of his own illness. "My greatest torment since I have known you has been the fear of you being a little inclined to the Cresseid." "My love for you," he writes to her, quoting the verses he has marked at the end of Troilus' speech, "is 'true as truth's simplicity and simpler than the infancy of truth.'" Before going away he gives her his best possession, the folio of 1623—"To F. B. 1820." And finally in the "Poems,"

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on the blank leaf facing "A Lover's Complaint," with her in his mind, he writes his last poem, "Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art."

The young and impish poet comes into action after those notes of the editors, solemn utterances bluntly appearing at the end of a scene or play, when Shakespeare leaves off. Now and then he merely scratches out Dr. Johnson's observations, but what he likes to do is to confront them with lines out of Shakespeare himself.

At the end of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the Doctor's sole comment reads—"Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spencer's poem had made them great."

—JOHNSON.

Keats writes *Fie* before *Johnson,* and adds four themes out of the play.

Such tricks hath *weak* imagination.
To kill cankers in the Musk rose buds.
The clamorous Owl that hoots at our quaint Spirits.
Newts and blind worms do no wrong
Come not near our faery queen.

He scratches out the whole of the comment on "Macbeth" and adds:

Thou losest Labour—
As the Hare the Lion.

Where Dr. Johnson remarks at the end of "Anthony and Cleopatra" that "the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated," Keats has gone round and round with his pen, and below this scratch has written those last lines of Charmian's to the dead queen:

Your Crown's awry;
I'll mend it.

Keats's own observations as he reads are often admirable. In the first scene of "Anthony and Cleopatra" he notes the high-sounding start, which is right and proper to the effect, and then how Shakespeare makes Anthony speak of the wrangling queen, with that word *wrangling* dropping the whole tone into another, and observes, "How much more Shakespeare delights in dwelling upon the romantic and wildly natural than upon the monumental."

"The Genius of Shakespeare," he writes, "was an innate universality."

Of a passage of Titania's

The thing is a piece of profound verdure.

He was thinking of "Lear" when he wrote in a letter to his brother during December, 1817,

The excellence of every art is in its intensity.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

The American Language

SIR: As an Englishman resident during part of each year in America, will you permit me to comment on Mrs. Virginia Woolf's thesis that the English and American languages are different tongues and that the Americans must suffer from an inferiority complex if they are not proud of that fact?

Except in the case of slang, the meaning of which is frequently unknown to many of my American friends themselves, but the orgin of which is often to be found in the English sporting papers of the last century, I have never found that I failed to understand what was said to me in America. The use of "guess" may sound novel until I recall Chaucer, of "some" until I recall Aubrey, of "candy" until I recall the "candie shoulder" of James I, of "sure" until I recall Milton, of "gotten" until I recall the Bible. In Yorkshire, on the other hand, I only sometimes understand what is said to me, in Ayrshire I seldom understand, while nowhere are my ears assailed by such debased English as in London. There are more differences to be found between the popular speech of two English counties than between the speech of the literate in Oxford and Harvard or in Ely and Seattle.

These things are, of course, commonplace knowledge to Mrs. Woolf. Were her thesis correct, there would be, not only an American, but a Canadian and an Australian language. There are, however, many British subjects in the European section of the Empire who are desperately anxious to take out a patent for the English language. The cause of their evident annoyance when the patent is infringed, I leave to those psychoanalysts to discover who are curious about the significance of "correct speech" as a symbol. But I do not doubt that it is very vexatious to a literary group when the living flood of popular speech sweeps over the deadening breakwaters of purism.

I heartily agree with Mr. Wilson that there are more than enough languages already; they do not need to be multiplied inside the English-speaking world. It may be that the place of honour ("honor," wrote King James) in that world is now on this side of the Atlantic: I do not know. Kant (an old-fashioned liberal) said that diversity of language was one cause of war: whether that be true I do not know. But I do suggest (with all respect to a fascinating and distinguished writer) that Mrs. Virginia Woolf should reflect whether her view is not untenable in literature, pernicious in politics and evil in its cultural consequences.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN.

Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

For Los Angeles Liberals

SIR: May 31 is the anniversary of Walt Whitman's birth. Residents of Southern California who would be interested in a Whitman Fellowship dinner and program on the evening of that day at the City Club of Los Angeles are requested to send their names and addresses to me at 940 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles. Addresses will be given by nationally known speakers. The meeting will be under the auspices of the Liberal Club, of which Arthur E. Briggs is president and I am secretary.

Los. Angeles, Calif. O. L. TRIGGS.

The House Divided against Itself

SIR: Dr. John Dewey's virile article entitled, "The House Divided against Itself," is enough to make any American human being pause and take stock of his species and his nation. I hope Dr. Dewey is planning several sequels to this article, for a series of them would greatly help us to begin to understand ourselves and to act accordingly. I wish he would write one article on "The Logical Consequences of Our Great Abdication," one on its probable outcome, one on the remedy and one on "The Religion of Tomorrow." In these latter two I wish he would stress the remedy, as well as the causes, of the "strain of fear running through American life."

Omaha, Neb. MRS. PEARL WEBER.

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Nevinson

Last Changes, Last Chances, by H. W. Nevinson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 361 pages. $5.

ADVENTURE has usually attached itself to some ulterior object, to the attainment of something useful or fantastic, the Fountain of Youth, Eldorado, buried treasure, big game, Mecca, the Northwest Passage, the Poles, spices, gold, oil. A modern quest is that of news, and it has called forth a new human type, the journalist-adventurer. Moreover, adventurers have always been divided into two classes, "gentlemen adventurers," and pirates, colonizers, explorers; and prospectors, into amateurs and professionals, according to whether the game or the prize was the chief incentive to action. We recognize the journalist as belonging to the former class when his immediate concern with news is surrounded by an atmosphere of interest in larger issues and longer views of causes and results; of understanding of men, both those who act and those who suffer; of sympathy with the human struggle in its slow achievement of the ethical process. Such a gentleman journalist and adventurer is Nevinson.

Mr. Nevinson has already published two volumes of 'Changes and Chances" in a career which touched most of the critical foci of history between the Congress of Berlin and the outbreak of the World War. This third volume is more crowded with events than either of its predecessors. Appointed one of twelve officially recognized war correspondents to accompany the British Expeditionary Force to France, Nevinson saw somewhat more than he was supposed to see of the first campaign on the Western Front. By Sir Ian Hamilton's invitation, he accompanied the expedition to the Dardanelles, and, after the evacuation, saw the establishment of the Allied front at Salonika. He was sent to Ireland after the Easter revolt, and was involved in Irish affairs almost continuously during the regime of frightfulness that followed, except for a month when he replaced Sir Philip Gibbs on the Western Front during the final advance of the Allies, and a visit to Germany in the winter of starvation after the Armistice. He came to the United States during the White Terror of 1920 and returned for the Washington Conference. He was in Ireland again during the Civil War and in Germany during the occupation of the Ruhr. He campaigned with Ramsay MacDonald for the Labor party, and witnessed the Tory reaction and the General Strike. He closes his volume with a visit to the Near East, where he celebrated his seventieth birthday.

There are many phases of interest in Mr. Nevinson's volume—pictures of war, accounts of political mutations, personal sketches of soldiers, writers, and statesmen. The story of the Gallipoli campaign, which Mr. Nevinson has treated elsewhere at length, is excellently told, and makes clear why the grand assault on the summit of the ridge failed after the key positions had actually been in the hands of the British regiments. The campaign of Ramsay MacDonald for the Labor party in 1924, largely suppressed by the newspapers, is placed beside the Midlothian campaign of Gladstone as a brilliant example of the use of the big stage and spectacular mass methods in British politics. He gives, occasionally, a bit of inside information, as when he narrates the efforts of the delegation of the Siberian Eastern Republic to direct the attention of the Washington Conference to the secret agreement of France and Japan to uphold the occupation of Eastern Siberia by the latter. In general, however, the volume covers so much ground that there is no time for detailed treatment of important events. Mr. Nevinson is here the observer, not the historian, and his necessary method is rapid and impressionistic. What serves to integrate his volume, however, and give it a steadily increasing impact, is the consistent intelligence of his judgment and the rightness of his feelings upon the many and varied subjects which passed under his view.

Mr. Nevinson was regularly correspondent for The Manchester Guardian, The Nation (London) and The New Leader, the New York World, the Baltimore Sun, The Nation (New York) and The New Republic—liberal journals of Great Britain and the United States. His attitude is invariably one of which liberal journalism may be proud. But it is not as a liberal that he commends himself by his views, but as a man of honor and a gentleman. Who that claims any affiliation with such does not share his indignation when, in the early days of the War, the French and Belgian surgeons refused to look at the German wounded, and "treated us to all manner of satiric abuse because we cleansed and bandaged the suffering limbs of the enemy"; when the English authorities in Dublin nursed James Connolly until he was well enough for killing, and "he was lifted from a stretcher into a chair, his hands bound behind him, his head falling to one side through weakness, and they shot him down in Kilmainham Jail"; when the Attorney-General, now Lord Birkenhead, who had taken a prominent part in the treason of Ulster, lent "piquancy" to the trial of Sir Roger Casement for the same offense, and when the ministry countered all petitions for Casement's reprieve by circulating the report that they had found out from his diary that he was a homosexual? As Mr. Nevinson wrote at the time in The Manchester Guardian,

> I can only say that anyone who may have attempted by such means to blacken the character of and prejudice our feelings toward a man who stands in acute danger of a degrading and hideous death, is, in my opinion, guilty of a far meaner and more loathsome crime than the worst that could possibly be unearthed in the career of the criminal himself.

Who, whatever his national or partisan feeling, does not lament today the cruelty of the British blockade of Germany, "shamefully prolonged for nine months after the Armistice"; and the invasion of the Ruhr by M. Poincaré, in which 132 unarmed Germans were killed by armed Frenchmen, 39,524 workmen and their families driven out (106,134 in all), over 5,000 imprisoned, 209 schools closed, and 173 papers suppressed? Who that knows shame at all does not feel it at the sentence of Mollie Steimer in New York to fifteen years' imprisonment for circulating a pamphlet protesting against Wilson's invasion of Russia, at Eugene Debs' imprisonment "for a crime that was an honor," at Palmer's Red Raids, and similar atrocities?

It is fitting that the human spirit be purged not only by pity and terror, but by wrath as well, and in occasion for wrath Mr. Nevinson's book is abundant. But, except for such occasions, his tone is tolerant, genial, sometimes ironical but always pitiful. He remembers Lord Morley's favorite quotation from Bacon: "The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath." His liberalism is the expression of a temperament naturally humane; it finds itself oriented to the realities of the world through the philosophy which is humanism. And he writes as he thinks and feels—like a gentleman.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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A Famous Trial

The Milligan Case, edited with an Introduction and Notes, by Samuel Klaus. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 476 pages. $5.

WAR, secret societies, bands of conspirators plotting the overthrow of government, the counterplots of spies, arrests in the dead of night, *"lettres de cachet,"* convictions and sentences of death by a grim military tribunal, the solemnity and forensics of a great court-room scene, a momentous judicial decision, and a "happy ending": these are some of the things that enliven the pages of "The Milligan Case." But this is not another item in the current vogue of the mystery story. It is a plain record of actual events that occurred during a crucial period of American history. Lawyers call the case "Ex Parte Milligan." In the official records it is entitled "Ex Parte: In the Matter of Lambdin P. Milligan, Petitioner."

The Civil War was the somber background against which the events of this epochal case were projected. The sad figure of Lincoln is a part of the picture; for, though the decision came over a year after Lincoln's death, the Milligan case arose out of one of the many tremendous problems with which he had to deal as President. Indeed, it adds to the interest of the story that Lincoln, believing that suspension of the writ of habeas corpus was the way to save the nation from the dangers created by disloyalists within the Union lines, issued during the first three years of the war general orders which it was the immediate effect of the Milligan decision to declare unconstitutional.

Lambdin P. Milligan was a Copperhead and a member of the secret society called "Sons of Liberty," of which the Ku Klux Klan of our day is a sort of descendant. With other members he was put under military arrest and subjected to trial before a military commission, where he was convicted of treasonable acts and sentenced to hang. His petition to the United States Circuit Court for Indiana to be brought into a civil court or released resulted in a divided court and an appeal to the Supreme Court for a decision on the issues. At the trial, which occurred in the March term of 1866, Attorney-General James Speed, Henry Stanbery and Benjamin Franklin Butler appeared as counsel for the United States. The petitioner was represented by James A. Garfield, Joseph Ewing McDonald, Jeremiah S. Black and David Dudley Field.

The great importance of Ex Parte Milligan is in the fact that it settled, so far as the decision of a court can settle, the permanency of the authority of the Constitution. The Supreme Court decided, on the three questions certified to it from the lower court, that a writ of habeas corpus should be issued to Milligan, that he should be released from custody, and that the military commission which had tried and convicted him had done so without authority. This was tantamount in the premises to asserting that the terrible exigencies of war—even of civil war, the nature of which it is to set up a rule of force—are not sufficient to deprive a non-combatant citizen of his guaranteed right to protection under the orderly processes of law as it is administered in the civil courts.

But the history of the case is significant also in the illustration it affords of the menace there is in war to civil institutions and civil liberties. Ex Parte Milligan was decided after the war was over, and the decision was at once given effect. But Judge Taney's famous decision in Ex Parte Merryman, which came while the war was still going on, could not be enforced over the power of th military. Clement L. Vallandigham, after being tried an sentenced by a military tribunal, was denied a writ on technicality and disposed of rather humorously in the en by an order of the President which placed him "beyond ou military lines." And it must not be forgotten that Mar Surratt went to the scaffold in fulfillment of the penalty in posed by a military court which had convicted her of com plicity in the conspiracy that resulted in the assassination c Lincoln. In the light of these facts, there is much point t the inquiry of the editor of "The Milligan Case": "Woul Ex Parte Milligan have been decided the same way befor Gettysburg"?

Be that as it may, the decision stands as a monument c American jurisprudence and as a strong defense of funda mental liberties. Historians and libertarians alike will b grateful that the entire record is at last made available— and in such readable form. The layman who picks u "The Milligan Case" will probably be surprised at the di covery that materials which he might reasonably expect t be too difficult for any but specialists are here put togethe in such a way as to make them not only understandabl but actually attractive.

The present volume is the first of a series on "America Trials" to be published by Knopf under the editorship c Samuel Klaus of the New York Bar, with Professor Ur derhill Moore and James N. Rosenberg as consulting ed tors. An admirable introduction by the editor presents th historical background of the case and analyzes its legal significance. In the following pages are found the Recor in the Supreme Court, the arguments of counsel on bot sides, the Order of the Court, the Opinion of Mr. Justic Davis for the Court, the minority Opinion of Mr. Chi Justice Chase, and Appendices giving the proceedings c the military commission that convicted Milligan and full report of Ex Parte Merryman. Having seen wh skillful editorship could do with the involved state c facts in Ex Parte Milligan, one looks forward eagerly t the next volume in the "American Trials" series.

FORREST BAILEY.

The Cave Man within Us

The Story of Superstition, by Philip F. Waterma New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 307 pages. $3.50.

The History of the Devil: The Horned God of th West, by R. Lowe Thompson. New York: Harcour Brace and Company. 186 pages. $2.75.

Rope and Faggot: A Biography of Judge Lynch, b Walter White. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 284 page $3.

SINCE Durkheim it has been known that magic is n an attempt to control the world rationally. Fraz taught that magic, religion and science were three stage the first two being abandoned when they were found wan ing. But not only does magic abound among ancient re gious people, but the great civilizations of the past we as hospitable to magic as any Congo village today. It science that frees man from the fear of spirits and ghost And since science has yet unconquered fields and has on been accepted by a small minority of our own peopl there are still many vestiges of survivals of ancient magi Superstition is the attenuated magic of another day c the belittled magic of another folk. A discussion of th humble ancestry of our folk-ways is always interestin reading, showing, as it does, the wider relations of ou

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customs and yielding a subtle satisfaction in the contemplation of the pit from which we have been digged.

Mr. Waterman's book is an uncritical but readable addition to the popular literature on the origin of the beliefs and practices that still persist among us. We learn the why of black cats, rice at weddings, corner-stone rites, charms, and amulets. The treatment would have been sounder had the writer a larger acquaintance with modern scholarship. He makes it clear that our customs are not rational, but assumes throughout that primitive man, from whom we received them, invariably had satisfactory reasons for the practices and beliefs. There is also the older assumption of a generalized primitive man, and of a series of definite stages through which all peoples have passed. The author's strong bias toward a sexual motive for social origins leads him sometimes to a rather strained interpretation, as when the winding of a strap around the arm is associated with serpents in the case of the Jewish phylacteries. The influence of current fashions in psychology appears in Mr. Waterman's tendency to assume that the original motive of a practice persists in us in the form of a racial memory. It would perhaps be truer to say that while the form persists the motive continually changes. Moreover, the social function is constantly transformed even when the practice continues to survive.

The history of the devil has been written before, but a new account is always welcome. Perhaps the feverish activity of the devil during the past fifteen years is sufficient occasion for a new biography. Mr. Thompson is familiar with the family tree of His Majesty and has tried to go very much further into the past than his predecessors. Much interesting material is presented from the paleolithic caves, and the motives of the cave men are constantly being brought into the discussion. The trouble here is that even when you see and know people it is difficult to be sure of their motives, so that it is almost vain to guess at what men intended, millenniums before written records began. The speculations are ingenious, but the continuity of the stone-age cultures in western Europe is very uncertain, and it is decidedly improbable that our devil was born in the West. Like the gods, he came out of Asia. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the devil should rightly be accorded divine lineage. Certainly many devils have been proved to be the dethroned deities of conquered religions. The devil is a god who lost the war.

Mr. White's book on lynching is included here because lynching is also a survival, in this case of cruelty and torture, not wholly unrelated to magic and superstition. The discussion of causes included the economic, religious, and sexual aspects of race relations, with constant emphasis on evil but rational motives, and an over-reliance on psychological arguments. The question is really much wider. A comparison of race conflicts in India, Russia, South Africa, California and other areas would have given a truer perspective and would undoubtedly have altered the view taken of the relation of religion to race hatred. Mr. White thinks that Negroes are lynched because they are held to be inferior. Probably the causal relations are exactly opposite, and the Klan can best be understood as a symptom. The Klan has made matters worse, but Mr. White's figures show that since the Klan was revived the number of lynchings has sharply declined. A calm consideration would reveal many neglected aspects, but Mr. White cannot be reasonably expected to be calm, and his passionate book will do much good. If it does not give the causes of lynching, it will reveal how a sensitive and gifted Negro feels, and Americans North and South need to know just that.

ELLSWORTH FARIS.

Ambrose Bierce

Bitter Bierce, by C. Hartley Grattan. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 291 pages. $2.50.

Portrait of Ambrose Bierce, by Adolph de Castro. New York: The Century Company. 351 pages. $3.50.

FOR fifteen years—ever since his melodramatic disappearance in 1914—there has been much high talk of Bierce, his superb work, and his shameful neglect. He has gradually become a well known mystery, an almost fabulous author with whose works few people, especially those who speak of him the most glowingly, are well acquainted. Very little has been written about him, but everyone, it seems, is preparing to remedy this unfortunate situation. Within the last year I have known of seven men who were engaged in preparing biographies or studies of Bierce.

C. H. Grattan's "Bitter Bierce" is intended as a sort of general introduction to the author. In the main it serves this purpose excellently. A short biographical sketch relates the usually accepted facts of Bierce's life. Here, I think, Mr. Grattan places too much reliance on Bierce's autobiographical sketches. Details of these sketches are often extremely inaccurate, and should be verified by outside evidence before they are accepted as facts. The second section surveys Bierce's literary work, and a third section expounds Bierce's ideas of "life in general," economics, politics and religion. Mr. Grattan is very careful, quite self-consciously so, not to overpraise Bierce's work. He points out how limited his critical ideas were, is doubtful of his profound culture, shows how in his short stories he reworks again and again the same situation, pronounces most of his verse bad, and is not impressed with Bierce as an original thinker. In his summarizing chapter, Mr. Grattan expresses the opinion, modestly enough, that Bierce is more worthy of a place in the American literary hierarchy than Harte, Riley, and Ade; that he should be placed with Frank Norris, Crane, and London; and that he had "a place in the coming of age of American literature."

Mr. de Castro's "Portrait of Ambrose Bierce" is mainly concerned with Bierce himself, and his works are mentioned but incidentally—but always with the highest praise. For many years Mr. de Castro was intimately associated with Bierce, and he has spent much time since his disappearance seeking information about his friend. Unfortunately, Mr. de Castro is, and I judge always has been, thoroughly convinced that Bierce was a great military genius forgotten by his more successful but less worthy comrades, a superb journalist, wrongly used by a succession of ungrateful publishers, "the greatest classic America has so far produced," scorned by stupid critics—in short, a superman misused and misunderstood by the world.

This attitude speaks well for de Castro's friendship, but, unfortunately, makes him unreliable as a biographer. A typical example of method is found in the parts relating Bierce's career in the Civil War. From the records of the War Department, says de Castro, one will learn that Bierce was a "great soldier, a scientific fieldsman, a topographical engineer of such incisive and distinguished merit that he made the operations of General William B. Hazen and others not only possible but successful"; that he was "the brain-machine . . . the terrible fighter, the hero—the real hero of Missionary Ridge." He thinks it "inconceivable that General Grant did not know of Bierce's

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work in the field." I have examined carefully the War Department records relating to Bierce and have found that he was an excellent soldier, one highly respected and even praised by his superiors, but I did not find that he was the real hero of Missionary Ridge, that it was his work which made Hazen's operations successful, or that his services were of such a nature that they would be naturally known beyond his immediate associates. He is mentioned five times in the despatches, but hundreds of young men are mentioned oftener.

Among the most interesting parts of the book are the accounts of Bierce's journalistic work in California and his connections with the De Youngs, the Hearsts, and the Huntingtons. But it is well to remember here that Bierce's relations with all these men were complicated and unpleasant, and that only Bierce's side has been given. One is impressed by the fierceness of these journalistic wars, but even more by the violence of Bierce's hatred. De Castro's accounts of the writing of "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter" and of Bierce's disappearance and death are interesting versions of these episodes, but probably not the last word on either.

Bierce undoubtedly did not receive from his contemporaries the recognition his work merited. He undoubtedly suffered much from this world, and often unjustly. But it is equally true that he is not one of the greatest American writers, and that in his many troubles he was not always in the right nor his opponents always in the wrong. Such a naïvely uncritical picture of Bierce as Mr. de Castro's can hardly be called a biography.

NAPIER WILT.

America Foreshortened

And Then Came Ford, by Charles Merz. Doubleday, Doran and Company. 321 pages. $3.

MR. MERZ'S book, "And Then Came Ford," reads like an expanded magazine article rather than a book. As an article, it would have been breezy, dramatic, and somewhat informative; but thinned out to cover three hundred and twenty-one pages, the demand it makes on the reader's time is too heavy for the rewards it offers. The book opens with a picture of America sixty years ago, closes with a picture of it today, and links the two together by the career of Henry Ford. Since the making of automobiles is the biggest industry in America, and since the automobile has altered our habits more than any one product, Mr. Merz would probably have been justified, say, in an article, in his over-simplification.

It is true that Ford's obstinate loyalty to two ideas has affected all our lives. In 1903, when he organized his company, the triumph of rapid transportation was the bicycle; the automobile was considered a whim that could not last. But Ford's first idea was the automobile. A few years later, when he decided to concentrate all his efforts on manufacturing one model—"the customer can have his car any color he wants so long as it is black"—his partners protested that this would mean ruin. But Ford's second idea was mass production.

According to Mr. Merz, the automobile has erased all frontiers in America; and mass production, spreading from the Ford shop to other industries, has produced our American habit of forcing "needs," like hot-house plants, in order to keep up with the factories' abilities to satisfy them. It is to keep "mass production" busy that new styles are designed, new fads launched, and new diseases

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invented. And as Ford appears, in Mr. Merz's book, as the protagonist of mass production, he becomes dramatically responsible for the fact that you and I live in a maze of mechanical conveniences, and that Americans all over the country chew the same thoughts and spin about on the same merry-go-round of annual crazes.

This picture of America's development leaves out of account such factors as the railroad, the telegraph, the trusts, the movie, the radio, and the unprecedented spread of literacy—followed by the syndicated newspaper and advertising—which have all helped to domesticate our sheep civilization. Consequently, Mr. Merz's history of our past quarter of a century seems decidedly thin. The other thread of his drama, the personal story of Henry Ford, does not go beyond the external facts of his career that are already public knowledge. This part of the book strikes the present reviewer as perfunctory. On the whole, it should have stayed an article.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

The Lamentations of Brody

Lamentations, by Alter Brody. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.50.

AFTER reading Alter Brody's "Four folk plays of the American Jew," we may still ask if it is possible to render faithfully the idiom of one language in the idiom of another. On the evidence of what we have read we are compelled to reply in the negative. Certainly our understanding of the jargon called Yiddish is not increased if, to translate its subtleties into our own language, it is necessary to create a jargon English. What is more, much of this new jargon must be utterly unintelligible to those who have not already some knowledge of the Yiddish language and of the Yiddish twist of expression. We may ask, then, what is gained by writing plays in forced English about people who think in Yiddish.

This is precisely what Mr. Brody has attempted to do. Can phrases such as "starting yourself again" and "if I felt myself around" mean anything to one totally unacquainted with Yiddish? Such sentences as "she whom we could not bring ourselves to touch when she was a child—so fragile it was" must appear merely bad grammar to such a reader. Still other expressions, though innocent enough perhaps in the strong, racy context of Yiddish, are actually offensive in English.

On the other hand, it is perfectly true that our contemporary writing, except for the occasional vigorous intrusion of slang or of colloquialisms, is pretty well emasculated and can well afford the experiment of some glandular operations for rejuvenation. Mr. Brody not infrequently performs his operations successfully and lends to the written word the richness and savor and crude vigor of a foreign idiom which penetrates in spite of its strangeness.

Of the four plays in the present volume, one of which is subtitled "an invisible play" and all of which are of necessity chamber plays to be read rather than seen, "Recess for Memorials" and "A House of Mourning" are the most striking. The woe of the two mothers in the former is very real and very moving; the ferocious grief of the mother in the latter is terrible in its intensity, and the telling of it progresses with the awful simplicity of a great ballad.

EDWIN SEAVER.

Why Is Mooney In Prison?

"MOONEY AND BILLINGS remain in prison because the industrial interests responsible for this plot against justice want them to stay behind bars as a warning to other labor leaders who might be minded to oppose these profiteering employers at some future time. And they fear that if the men are pardoned now the whole hellish conspiracy might be exposed.

¶ *"The same interests that caused Mooney and Billings to be jailed are the chief contributors to campaign funds in California. Is it possible that this explains the failure of three successive governors to pardon them?*

¶ "Wrote Judge Franklin A. Griffin, who originally sentenced Mooney to death, to Governor C. C. Young of California, January 20th, 1928: 'In my opinion Mooney's case is no different from any other man who has been wrongfully and upon perjured testimony convicted of a crime of which subsequent developments absolutely demonstrate his innocence!'" And nothing has yet been done!

Above Comments Are Quoted from

Senator T. D. SCHALL'S

(Republican Senator from Minnesota)

Brilliant and Courageous Defense of Mooney and Billings in the May Issue of

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THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE

by Frantisek Langer

MARTIN BECK Thea. 45th, W. of 8th Ave. Evgs. 8:50 Matinees Thursday & Saturday, 2:40

MAN'S ESTATE

by Beatrice Blackmar and Bruce Gould

BILTMORE THEA., 47th St., W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:50. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:50.

CAPRICE

A Comedy by Sil-Vara

GUILD THEATRE, West 52nd Street, Evenings, 8:50. Matinees Thurs. and Sat., 2:40.

Last Weeks!

Strange Interlude

by Eugene O'Neill

JOHN GOLDEN THEATRE, 58th St., East of Broadway EVENINGS ONLY at 5:30

"HOLIDAY"

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents PHILIP BARRY'S ultra-successful comedy. Settings by ROBERT EDMOND JONES.

PLYMOUTH Thea., W. 45th St. Evs. 8:50 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:35

The Actor-Managers, Inc., in association with Paul Moss, present their Annual Satirical Musical Revue

THE 1929 **GRAND STREET FOLLIES**

WITH

ALBERT CARROLL and DOROTHY SANDS

Booth Thea., W. 45 St.—Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"DO NOT MISS IT ON ANY ACCOUNT."—Littell, Post.

Now at Regular Performances

ANTON CHEKOV'S

***The* SEA GULL**

Direction LEO BULGAKOV

COMEDY THEA. 41st St., E. of Broadway. Evgs. 8:50. Mats. Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

NATURE STUDY

NATURE-STUDY for CHILDREN

A play group for ten children, ages 8 to 12, offering Nature Study: spring birds and plants; pond life; salt water aquaria; insects; rocks and minerals; animals. Conducted by a teacher, formerly Walden School, now Ethical Culture School, and on scientific staff American Museum of Natural History. Saturdays from 10 to 1 or from 2 to 5. $30 for 10 Saturdays. Address MARY GREIG, 523 West 121 ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Fiction Notes

Jehovah's Day, by Mary Borden. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

MISS BORDEN is nothing if not epic. Jehovah's day lasts one hundred million years, starting with a very scientific character called Eryops, the Mud Puppy, and leading up to more prosaic human beings; more particularly Ann Wood, her professorial husband, her aviator son, and her old friend, Patrick. The book abounds in scientific allusion, indeed, exposition; it is impressive, intellectual, a *tour de force* if ever there was one. But two days after you have finished it you will not remember any of the characters except Ann's cousin, Rose Kimberley, and Ann's husband, Professor Peregrine Wood. You will remember Rose because she is compared to a horse at least one hundred times, and Peregrine because he writes pamphlets which only six men in the world can understand, and is therefore associated in your mind with Einstein. Miss Borden writes well, is not boring, is fearfully ambitious. Human beings have been compared to animals before, and Miss Borden's philosophy, which the English papers have so widely hailed, is the indisputable but not very novel idea that we are a pretty insignificant lot. Why take four hundred pages to tell us so?

G. T. H.

Bloody Ground, by Fiswoode Tarleton. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. $2.

IN FORM, this collection of stories is related to Mr. Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio." The inhabitants of a single mountain community are dealt with—families and individuals whose lives are interrelated in a fashion that gives to these separate tales something of the more deliberate unity of the novel. The resemblance is restricted to a resemblance in form, for in the twelve stories of "Bloody Ground" there is a bleakness, a gaunt and savage violence that is far removed from the brooding and musty atmosphere of Mr. Anderson's "Winesburg." Nor does one mean to belittle Mr. Anderson's complex genius in saying that Mr. Tarleton's seems on the way to being the reverse face of it.

R. E. L.

Contributors

LOUIS STARK is specializing in labor and industrial affairs on one of the metropolitan dailies.

STUART CHASE, a member of the Labor Bureau, Inc., is the author of "The Tragedy of Waste" and (with F. J. Schlink) of "Your Money's Worth."

KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER is a member of the editorial staff of the Boston Evening Transcript, and a contributor to many periodicals.

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LAWRENCE S. MORRIS has translated several books from the French and contributes reviews and sketches to various periodicals.

EDWIN SEAVER was formerly director of the experimental magazine, 1924.

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